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THE  
MONTHLY  
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. — No. 1.

JULY, 1862.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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# PROSPECTUS OF THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

This Magazine sustains no representative relation to any sect or party; it is held by no obligations to any special body of men; but aims to recognize cordially the Christian truths held by different branches of the Church; and would gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

## TERMS.

The Magazine is published on the first of every month, in numbers of 72 pages each, making, when bound, two volumes of about nine hundred royal octavo pages a year.

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THE JOURNAL OF THE

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VOL. XXVIII.

JULY, 1862.

No. 1.

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THE LESSON OF WHITSUNDAY.

ON the Day of Pentecost, the Christian Whitsunday, the Church commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit. The miracle which is recorded in the second chapter of the Book of Acts teaches us that the disciples of Jesus are not in full possession of their Christian privileges until through faith and love and obedience they are consciously joined to the Lord, and have received the invisible Enlightener, Guide, and Comforter, according to the promise. We are not truly Christians until we are inspired, until the Spirit of Christ is shed abroad in our minds and hearts. Then first the faith becomes a life, a tongue, a light; we worship in spirit and in truth; our understandings are enriched with knowledge; our affections are pure and deep; our way is directed by a wisdom higher than our own; and in all circumstances, especially in those which are most trying, our peace is great. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. Love Christ and keep his commandments, and upon you also he shall breathe, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost!" Do not understand me as dividing the substance or the oneness of the Godhead. The Lord our God is one Lord. God is a Spirit, said the Master. He rounds the circles of the universe; he shapes the curves

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1

along which the little birds are gently drawn to the earth; the beauty of spring-time and summer-time is from his fulness, and images for our weak senses the ever-present but invisible glory; and man is his temple and the truly Christian soul his holy of holies. Christ brings us to God through his mission, ministry, and intercession. God becomes in very deed our Father, and the child experiences all those gracious offices which are fitly called parental. And when I would speak of God as he proceedeth, in the abundance of his grace, to teach and strengthen and guide his children, especially in these Gospel days, when the way is so open, I call him Holy Spirit, the breath of my better life, the besetting God in whom I live, whose way no man knoweth, whose gifts are light and love and hope and peace. It is the lesson of Pentecost that there is no dispensing with our invisible Friend and Helper. Let us recall some of his gracious offices.

1. The Holy Spirit is our teacher. We get our best wisdom direct from God. By that light alone does any one of us see aright. I do not mean that we are to go to God for oracles, and that we can claim his sanction for our various dogmas. There are many, indeed, who will confidently affirm that the Holy Spirit has expressly taught them Romanism or Calvinism or Anglicanism or Methodism, but the wisdom which is from above does not fall into such oppositions. Christ is not so divided. The Holy Spirit does not descend from heaven to make proselytes for this or the other sect. Nay, the divine proceeding is most frequently recognized in the rescue of the soul from the beggarly elements of ceremony and dogma, and its restoration to those everlasting verities which are bread from heaven. But putting aside these more or less sincere assumptions, this fact remains; the great truths concerning God and Christ, duty and immortality, which are the light of life,—a light which grows brighter and brighter as years and ages go on,—are revealed only to a certain condition of the soul, only

to the illumined and sanctified reason. The disciples had heard the word and seen the works of Jesus, and still they waited. What was the truth in it all, to be clearly known, to be profoundly loved, to be earnestly preached and done? They needed to have Jesus explained to them. His words must be brought to their remembrance, some of them must be emphasized, some of them interpreted. They were to grow into an understanding of him. A spiritual sense—call it "*faith*," if you will; that is as good a name as any—was to be called forth and trained, which should select the food for the soul, as the bodily senses select nourishment for the body. They had been told that an invisible Teacher would lead them, through love and obedience, into this spiritual discernment, and the promise was fulfilled. They did come to know the truth. They preached it, and the world listened as to those who spake with authority, and everywhere there were believers. They wrote it, and what they wrote is Holy Scripture unto this day,—no scriptures like them. They have brought succor to millions of souls, simply because they did not premeditate their words, but gave themselves to utter what the Holy Spirit taught them in the very hour. "*It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us,*" so they wrote when they pronounced the decree which saved the Church from being a Jewish sect, and made it, as Christ meant it should be, the Church of mankind.

And always there is a need for this office of the Spirit. Christianity is everything or nothing to us, as our souls are quickened or dead. Learning, wit, logic, criticism, will not give us a religion, even with the Bible in our hands, and the most carefully prepared formularies to shape our thoughts. Men still say, I want a living interpreter. How can I understand the book of prophets and evangelists except some man guide me? How, indeed? I accept as wholly and literally true this question and answer from the larger catechism, and I am satisfied that our modern scepticism can be effectually met only as they are pondered. The question is, "How doth it appear that the Scriptures are the Word of

God?" And the answer, "The Scriptures manifest themselves to be the Word of God by their majesty and purity, by the consent of all the parts and the scope of the whole, which is to give all glory to God; by their light and power to convince and convert sinners, to comfort and build up believers unto salvation. But the Spirit of God, bearing witness by and with the Scriptures in the heart of man, is alone able fully to persuade it that they are the very Word of God." How refreshing to find men who value internal evidence! Add to the Protestant affirmation of the right of private judgment the Christian entreaty to draw near to God as you read Holy Scriptures, and hear what the Spirit saith to the churches, and you shall know the truth. The Spirit shall breathe upon the Word. Seeming contradictions shall be harmonized, the oppositions of science shall blend into the concords of faith, the Book shall be one, and the Divine Person for whom it witnesses shall be one, and your hearts shall burn within you as he walks with you by the way, and shows how prophecy and history, the traditions of the world's childhood and the experiences of the world's manhood and maturity, the aspirations of the Gentile and the surer hope of the Jew, all testify of his sufferings and his triumph. One may, perhaps, — I say perhaps, — regret the decay of ecclesiastical organizations; but so long as men are living near to God and Christ, there is no cause for despair. The Spirit will teach the two or three as effectually as the community which is numbered by millions. "*Ubi duo aut tres ibi Ecclesia.*" What Christians and Christian churches are most likely to need, is a Day of Pentecost, not that reason and understanding — and, alas! affection and conscience — may be swept away by a flood of feeling, misnamed pious, but that the faculties by which we lay hold of high spiritual and moral truth may be quickened by the hand of God, so that we may be truly reasonable and of an understanding mind, holding the faith in love and in all good conscience. And this is possible only so far as through earnest seeking we obtain help from God the Holy Spirit.

2. "Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." The best experience shows that our imperfect natures are unequal to the tasks which are set before them. The oil in our lamps soon burns out. The fountain of love in our own hearts soon becomes dry. Passions outmaster affections. Call it frailty if you please, or call it wickedness, man's history is largely a record of great promises and pitiful performances. And the only effectual help is from the present Helper. Examples will not save us, not even the great Example. Moralities will not save us, not even the sublime precepts of the New Testament. The revelation of a life to come, even though it be by the risen Lord, will not save us. "*Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.*"

As the lamp must be fed with oil from the vessel, as the branch must be replenished from the vine-stock, as the rain must fall and the dews must be distilled to water the plants, so the heart of man must be nourished by God. For a multitude of men and women there is no salvation, even from grievous and disgraceful sins, save through direct and personal intercourse with God the Holy Ghost. Poor human nature! what avail prudence and interest, the fear, or even the love of man, the rewards of earth, or even the promises of heaven, in the hour of folly and madness? And what deliverance is there from the bondage of habit, the tyranny of a selfish routine? There is none save in that ardent and truly Christian piety which, not content with saying prayers, doth really pray, and is instant day and night with petitions, and counts upon the help of the Holy Spirit in the very hour of weakness and trial, as you count upon the sympathy and substantial aid of your nearest earthly friend. The miracles of reviving nature witness for the present God. The tree laden with its sweet, fair burden, and ablaze in the sunlight, reminds us that we stand upon holy ground, and proclaims to us the Lord of Glory. Only because we are accustomed to the sight does it fail to impress us. We

might well pause in reverent wonder as when the bush flamed on Horeb, or the dead staff of Aaron put forth buds. But there are greater wonders than these ; — when passion changes into pure love, and the earthy face is transfigured, and selfishness becomes self-devotion, and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Thank God that this fruit doth abound, celestial fruit on earthly ground. It is not true that man knows no summer-time and no harvest-time like those in which nature rejoices, that with us it is always wilderness and winter. There are multitudes in Christendom that live in the sight of God, and are fed by him with bread from heaven ; in all our churches there are truly religious men and women. I call the last half-century quite as much a century of spiritual and moral revival as a century of controversy. Even our doubts are often religious ; what we called Transcendentalism was profoundly so. I find that mere routine in the so-called religious life is less and less tolerated every day, and that if you and your society will not consent to live, you must make up your mind to die, and let trade take your house of worship, and those who believe in God your worshippers. Let us not fear this earnest spirit. Let us invoke the holy presence. No matter though the mockers should say, "*These men are filled with new wine.*" It is better to be beside ourselves unto God, than to be patterns of a sober and cold and respectable worldliness. God grant unto us, if not the outward signs, the tongues of fire, yet the speech of glad Christian confession.

3. One word more. It is written of Paul and Timothy, that, when they would have gone into Bithynia, "*the Spirit suffered them not.*" It is the Christian's privilege to know that he lives under guidance, and to recognize humbly, cautiously, and yet often with great and joyous faith, the hand that guides him. I know that I approach here the border of that land where superstition reigns. I would not forget that

often, without any more positive assurance, we can only say, "I have chosen what I *think* is the best: God knoweth whether indeed it be so." I remember that cautious word of St. Paul, upon one occasion, — "*and I THINK also that I have the Spirit of God.*" Nevertheless, we need and we may have a belief in Divine guidance; there may come, in answer to our honest prayers, a strong persuasion that this should be done, that the other should not be done; we may feel the hand drawing us forward, — oftener, perhaps, as was so strikingly true of Socrates, holding us back; we may know that we have a dependence beyond reason, conscience, human counsel, and the written Word; we may rise at last into that grand belief without which heroic living is impossible, — that our path is opened, our steps directed, our times appointed, our fortunes settled, by the Great God, all-wise and all-loving. May we be able to say, with the Apostles, "*The Spirit speaketh expressly*"! Christ has not done for us what he would, until our whole humanity, with all its temptations and weakness and fears and sorrows, has been taken up into the life of God. Into that heaven on earth may we all be lifted, ever praying this prayer: —

"God, who, as at this time, didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by the sending to them the light of thy Holy Spirit, grant us, by the same Spirit, to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort, through Christ Jesus our Saviour, in whose name we ascribe unto thee all honor and glory, now and forever." Amen.

---

COME! for I need thy love  
More than the flower the dew or grass the rain,  
Come, like thy holy dove,  
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;  
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,  
As when, from sin set free,  
Man's spirit comes, with thine in peace to dwell.

## HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.\*

FROM THE LATIN.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"

HOLY Spirit! Fire divine!  
 Send from heaven a ray of thine;  
 Lighten our obscurity:  
 Come, thou Father of the poor;  
 Come, thou Giver and Renewer, —  
 Fountain of all purity!

Visit us, Consoler best! —  
 Thou, the bosom's sweetest guest,  
 Sweetest comfort proffering:  
 Thou dost give the weary rest,  
 Shade to all with heat opprest,  
 Solace in all suffering.

O blest Light ineffable!  
 With thy faithful amply dwell:  
 Lord of our humanity,  
 Nothing lives without thy ray:  
 Reft of thy enlivening day,  
 All is void and vanity.

What is foul, O purify!  
 Water what in us is dry;  
 All our hurts alleviate;  
 Bend our temper's rigidity;  
 Warm our nature's frigidness;  
 Bring back all who deviate.

Give them who in thee abide, —  
 All that do in thee confide, —  
 Give them grace increasingly;  
 Give to virtue its reward,  
 Saving end to all accord,  
 Joy in heaven unceasingly.

AMEN.

\* Ascribed to King Robert of France. Translated by Rev. Dr. Hedge, and sung in the First Church in Brookline, and the First Church in Boston, June 8, 1862.

## PARABLE OF THE HUSBANDMEN AND VINEYARD.

## FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

MATTHEW XXI. 33-44.

THIS parable is one simple in its meaning, direct and easy to be understood ; yet, like all of Christ's teachings, it rewards a thorough and close examination, revealing a personal application, and unfolding a broad ground of general truth, which it may be well for us to consider.

The parable we find related by three of the Evangelists, differing slightly in its outward form, yet the same in substance, the one only forming a supplement, as it were, to the other. While Matthew represents the sentence spoken against the husbandmen to have been uttered by the bystanders themselves, in reply to the question of Jesus, thus passing their own condemnation, Mark and Luke repeat the same words as uttered by Christ. But this seeming difference can easily be reconciled, by considering that, in drawing the reply from others as he did, Christ in fact adopted and confirmed it as his own. There is evidently a reference in the form of the parable to Isaiah v. 1-7, which would render it the more impressive to the Jewish mind.

Christ thus having illustrated the great law of retribution, as applicable to the privileges of the Jews as a nation, and their voluntary rejection of their religious opportunities and privileges, — having its fulfilment, in part, in the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, — he leaves for a moment the figure of the husbandmen, and carries out his subject by a reference to the 118th Psalm, a part of which the Jews regarded as a prophecy of the Messiah, showing not merely his rejection, but the glory of his elevation afterwards as the chief Corner-stone. The 44th verse is thus explained by another : " Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken ; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

By the stone is meant Christ himself, the impersonation of his kingdom and his religion, which shall be a stumbling-block upon which some shall fall to their hurt, and which shall fall on others with its retributions. If we do not build upon it in faith, either we shall fall upon it in unbelief, or it will fall on us in judgment. *For this reason*, referring to the previous verse, "the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a people" — the true followers of Christ — "who shall bring forth its fitting fruits."

But, while this parable seems primarily to have been uttered in direct reference to the Jews as a nation, it also contains a universal meaning, applicable to the individual heart and conscience.

Were the passage to form the subject of the lesson of a Sunday-school class, we would first explain its general structure and form, — that is, give some account of the culture of the vineyard, of the duties of the husbandman, of the use of the watch-tower to the overseer in preventing depredations upon his land; then, referring to the circumstances under which it was uttered and to the history of the Jewish nation, we should ask a few general questions, to ascertain if the pupils were in any measure acquainted with its leading events, — of the Jews' rejection and persecution of the prophets, — Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others, — not imparting the information at once to them, but seeking to draw out *their* knowledge, and to awaken an interest that will lead them to read and examine the history for themselves, to be again referred to on some future Sabbath. We would then speak of Christ as the "well-beloved Son," of the Jews' rejection of him as their Messiah, and of the dread retributions that followed in their national history as the consequences of their faithlessness and unbelief.

This is but a brief outline of the course of thought that might be pursued by the teacher, more than sufficient to occupy the brief time allotted to the class lesson.

But the most important part — the practical lesson, appli-

cable equally to teacher and pupil — remains yet to be considered.

Nowhere does our Saviour more clearly set forth the great law of retribution, that “as a man soweth, so shall he also reap.” In the history of the nations of the earth, this truth is too evident to need any illustration, sin and evil being ever followed by judgment and retribution, from the time of Sodom, Nineveh, Babylon, and Tyre, to our own day and in our own land. But in our individual lives and hearts we are too apt to ignore this truth, and set it aside, as if it could not reasonably have a *personal* application. Yet, let us rise to what heights of perfection we may, or sink into the depths of indifference and sin, still this eternal law holds us in its sway. “Whosoever improves what he hath, to him shall be given; but he that improves not, from him shall be taken even what he seemeth to have.” Looking within, we read the certainty of this law, and feel that it is as sure, as direct, as inviolable, as those which govern the material universe. Let the powers of the intellect remain unused, let thought be rarely exercised, the reasoning powers seldom taxed, memory little cultivated, knowledge acquired hap-hazard, as it were, and the force and vigor of the mental powers grow weaker and weaker, and the mind becomes a mere channel through which the thoughts of *others* may, indeed, float, but which possesses no innate, native power and strength.

And yet more, with regard to the spiritual life. Unless there be constant growth, a heart in communion with the Fountain of all life, a spirit daily growing in purity and love and charity, a soul living the life of daily prayer, and so drawing nearer and nearer to God, receiving of his infinite life and fulness, — unless there be this inward life and holy affection, faith grows dim, the great truths of revelation seem all unreal, resistance to evil becomes too difficult a struggle, and the whole soul sinks, slowly it may be, but surely, into a deadly lethargy and indifference. The soul is *never* lost at once. By degrees, the power of resistance and the strength

of self-control is lost ; slowly the darkness steals on, as the powers are wasted or suffered to lie unused, wrecks of them being strewn all along the pathway of life, while yet the great vineyard lies all within and around us, waiting for the faithful husbandman and the ready reapers.

“ We paint *ourselves* the joy, the fear,  
Of which the coming life is made ;  
And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.  
The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny,  
We *reap* as we have sown.”

Such we understand to be the great lesson to be drawn from this parable ; — that opportunities and privileges, and especially religious opportunities and privileges, neglected and rejected, will at length be taken from us, and given to such as *will* improve them, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. And upon the minds of the young would we especially seek to impress this great truth, — that the laws which govern the mental and spiritual life are as exact, regular, and immutable in their operation, as those we so clearly trace in the material universe, revealed more and more clearly with every new discovery of science, proceeding from the same eternal fountain of truth and wisdom. We would not forget, indeed, to speak of repentance, forgiveness, the reconciliation of the sinning soul through Christ, and so of the indwelling of God's peace, even where there has long been indifference and willing sin. But we all know from experience that a higher progress might have been ours ; that inward forces have been wasted, and that even now we are reaping the necessary results of past neglect, failure, and omission. We say *necessary* results, because God's laws are but the expression to man of his eternal truth ; not arbitrary, in the cold, heartless sense in which that word is sometimes used, but the utterance, uniform and loving, of his perfect wisdom,

holiness, and love,—one form in which he manifests and reveals himself to his children. Once realizing this truth, once having kindled in the soul this consciousness that it bears *within itself* the true and certain elements of retribution, and we need not dwell upon the thought of an external heaven or hell to rouse our slumbering powers, and to kindle the aspiration, deepening into the resolute effort, for a true and Christ-like life. A closer following of the Master day by day brings its own reward,—a union of spirit with him, and nearer and nearer to God; neglect of our spiritual life, self-will, selfishness, *must* lead us farther and farther from him, and from the sphere of purity, peace, and holiness; and the darkness will gradually close around us,—the darkness of wasted powers, misplaced affections, and unused gifts,—until the fearful sentence of condemnation is written out in the depths of the soul itself, and the talent is *taken from us*, and given unto him who has improved the Divine gifts. “For what is a man profited, though he gain the whole world, and *lose* his own soul? or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?”

Again, the vineyard is to be *cultivated*; care is to be taken, effort used, no pains spared to bring forth *fruit*, for a true Christian faith is known to others only by its fruits. It is a hidden life, indeed, too deep and too secret for the nearest and dearest to read or fathom; but the lonely struggle, the secret prayer, the longing for a higher purity and holiness, is “openly rewarded” by new accessions of strength, a stronger power to labor, a *life* more and more conformed to that of the Master.

Once more; the stone rejected by the builders became the head of the corner, the foundation-stone, essential to the firmness and strength of the whole building,—Christ crucified, the Head of the Church. May it not be, that sometimes in our duties as teachers the dull, uninteresting, or ignorant pupil, if not disregarded, awakens less earnestness and a less prayerful endeavor on our part? Yet who can say but that,

in the counsels of the Eternal, that sluggish mind may be destined ultimately for a wider sphere and a nobler activity than we have ever dreamed of, filling a place in the spiritual universe such as is even now occupied by the purest angel near the throne of God? Let us be true to our work, looking beneath the surface and beyond our present surroundings. Let us seek to comprehend more and more, and to realize deeper and deeper, the possible capacities of *every* human soul, its capacities for good and for evil, never feeling that it is a slight thing to speak the simple word from Sabbath to Sabbath, thus influencing an *immortal* soul. And so let us labor as those who must give an account, working in the vineyard until the Master shall call us to reap the fruits thereof; and then, with the faithful Apostle of old, may we be able to say of those committed to our individual charge, "What is *our* hope and joy and crown of rejoicing, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming, unless it be even you?" "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

H. M.

---

#### OUTWARD CONQUESTS NOT ENOUGH.

'T is not enough to overcome with arms, —  
 These may the body, not the mind, subdue:  
 A mightier foe within the spirit harms  
 Than that the armed warrior ever knew.  
 Here Ignorance and Error still prolong  
 Their ancient rule, and dread the coming light;  
 And joined with them Ambition, Pride, and Wrong  
 Muster their hosts, and, leagued with darkness, fight.  
 These not by carnal weapons are o'erthrown,  
 But by the power of light and truth and love, —  
 Weapons the warrior's hands have never known,  
 Sent from the armory of God above, —  
 Boldness to speak the quick and powerful Word,  
 That sharper is than his two-edged sword!

J. V.

## LIMERICK.

It was a fair summer's evening, that, as I sat on the coach-top, coming in from Kılaloe, my companion, pointing to the dim and distant old Cathedral and the far housetops, bade me welcome to the fair City of the Broken Treaty. A few moments more, and the galloping horses, glad that their journey was nearly done, had brought us over the little river that runs into the Shannon, and we were in the city of Limerick, famous for gloves, lace, salmon, its bells and its belles. It was quite dark when we entered the New Town; and George Street was brilliantly lighted by the hundreds of shop-windows along that thronged thoroughfare. All Limerick seemed to be in the street; and, after dismounting from the coach, it was a little difficult to work my way against such a tide of life as swept down George Street. I did not know the name nor the locality of a single hotel, but plunged up one street and down another, to the right now, and now to the left, till, in about half an hour, I desieried opposite me a modest building, well lighted, and having the name Globe Hotel in front. This seemed to be an intimation to stop, and so to the Globe Hotel I went, and found it a quiet, well-kept house.

Limerick, as I found in my next morning walk, is a city of strong contrasts. There are three divisions in it, geographically speaking, — the New Town, the Old Town, and the Irish Town. The New Town lacks the cheerful look of Cork. Its houses, though well built, are of brick of a brownish color and coarse appearance; and this part of the city has a sombre as well as an unfinished look. The city has increased rapidly of late, it is evident, and is now in thriving circumstances. The Old or English Town contains the houses which were once the finest in the city, and which were occupied by the English during the famous siege so graphically pictured by Macaulay. The occupation by the

English army was followed by the settlement of many of the soldiers after the treaty was signed ; and so the ancient part of the city now bears the name of the Old or English Town. There are very few English residents in the city now, as is evident by the fact that, with nearly seventy thousand Roman Catholics in the city, there are but five thousand Protestants of all denominations. The part now called the English Town is in decay, and resembles some quarters of our American cities, in which old and handsome houses are surrendered to the Irish, and speedily present the aspect of squalor and decay.

The Irish Town is distinct from both, and consists of small, low houses, many of them thatched, and having a distinctively Irish look. Most of them are but a single story in height, and nearly all have a little grocery or liquor-store or bakery in the front, with a retreat for the family in the rear. Looking in, you can see the usual contents of an Irish store or house, — dirty children, an old rickety chair or two, a pot for general cooking, a nondescript box, and a little collection of dirty bottles and fly-marked articles for sale. Still, it is but fair to say that these Irish stores are much more neat and attractive on their own side of the Atlantic than on ours ; and one can walk through street after street of Limerick with no special disgust.

As I was sauntering along in search of the lions of Limerick, looking after its fine churches, the Cathedral, the Castle, and the stone on which the treaty between James's forces and William's was signed after the siege of Limerick, I saw a funeral procession having one or two unique features. The hearse was preceded by two priests, with white around their hats, and with white mantles wrapped, like a Highlander's shawl, around their bodies. The hearse came next, surmounted with white plumes. This produced a strange and almost startling effect, so incongruous was the hearse with the white plumes, the black garments worn by the mourners with the white mantles of the priests. The white used

denoted that the deceased was unmarried : at the funeral of a married person only black is worn.

Not far from this cheerful funeral was a real Irish spectacle, which an Irish friend at my side pointed out as an indication of the national activity. There was an old-fashioned engine, at which about fifteen men were at work filling one of the city-tanks with water. The slowness with which they pumped was a marvel. Had any one been very tired, it would have been almost possible for him to have taken a very short nap while the beam was going up between one stroke and another. Such deliberate laziness I never before beheld, even among men paid by the public funds. The captain of the company had one hand upon the beam ; and I looked twice to see if the man was really awake or not. His face denoted perfect contentment ; not a thought nor a care could be traced on his open countenance, as he stood with his hat thrown back at an angle of forty-five. My companion, a Limerick gentleman, burst into a hearty laugh, and called upon me to wait and see whether some one would not fall dead with such over-exertion. It was indeed a funny spectacle ; but I will not say that it was characteristically Irish, although it may with truth be said that the Irish labor much harder in our country than they do in their own.

Limerick has some things which are more interesting to the writer than they can be to the reader, and on such I will not linger. Its historical associations are very interesting ; and to many readers the siege of Limerick and its heroic defence during the invasion of William are equally interesting with the siege and defence of Londonderry. The ancient Cathedral has associations connected with that siege which make it interesting, for from its high tower a cannon threw shot with great effect. Two of the balls which struck it may still be seen attached to the Cathedral walls. There is a famous peal of bells in this Cathedral, which have a wide reputation ; and many a traveller turns out of his way to hear their sweet chime. They were cast by an Italian, it is

said, and placed in one of the bell-towers of his own country ; but, in the distractions of that country, the bells were stolen, and removed no one knew where. They were taken to Limerick, and placed in this Cathedral ; and the Italian set out on foot to find them, and listen to their music. As he was wandering along the banks of the Shannon, and was approaching the city of his destination, the Cathedral bells pealed the hour of evening prayer. The old man heard the sound of the lost chime, and, weary with his journey, and faint with hunger, he sank under both, and died with the music ringing in his ear.

Of course, I wished to hear the bells made famous by so interesting a legend ; but at the time of my visit the Cathedral was undergoing repairs, and the bells were never rung. I clambered up into the bell-tower, however, going through dark passage-ways, and up the narrowest of stairs, till I came to the room where the bells, all dusty with age, were swinging. I struck each of them with the large key which the sexton had given me, and drew forth the tone of each bell ; and the children in the street below caught the faint music above, and looked up in wonder, for no sound had come thence for months. *Thus* I heard the music of Limerick's famous bells.

W.

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"WE think heaven must be a place of happiness to us, if we do but get there ; but the great probability is, if we can judge by what goes on on earth, that a bad man, if brought to heaven, would not know he was in heaven ; — I do not go to the further question, whether, on the contrary, the very fact of his being in heaven, with all his unholiness upon him, would not be a literal torment to him, and light up the fires of hell within him. This, indeed, would be a most dreadful way of finding out where he was. But let us suppose a lighter case : let us suppose he could remain in heaven unblasted, yet it would seem that at least he would not know that he was there. He would see nothing wonderful there."

## PROGRESSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOMER, VIRGIL, DANTE, MILTON, SWEDENBORG.

Two things always keep pace with each other in the progress of the race, — anthropology and pneumatology, — the science of man with the science of his immortal state. For immortality is only man freed from external conditions, and the mysteries of his essential being openly displayed in the light of a purely spiritual world. As man knows himself he knows what he is to be, and thus the clouds of superstition that hung over the future break and clear away.

Homer's pneumatology is the oldest which we have. He wrote eight hundred years at least before the Christian era. The Greeks were keenly alive to all that develops and charms the senses, for the air that bathed their plains and mountains was like an exhilarating ether, and its transparency, pure and cloudless, outlined all objects with marvellous clearness. Hence their keen perceptions of sensuous beauty and their nimble development of the prowess of the human frame. But when they try to pierce beyond the senses, how confused and how ghostly all things appear! This Homer has done, who is their high-priest and prophet as well as poet. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* Ulysses descends into hell, and we have here the best conceptions of this age and this people respecting the state of departed souls. He travels northward into Cimmerian darkness, and there finds an entrance into the infernal abodes. All is sad and wan and gloomy. The ghosts are no longer men and women. The best of them have parted with their warm and joyous being. They are "the phantom nations." They walk in the dusk, or in pale, spectral light. Those who had been illustrious warriors pine for the terrestrial air. The great Achilles is in mournful gloom, and longs for the body he once wore, that he may again "thunder o'er the Phrygian plain." Atrides has lost

all substance, and stands an "empty shade" too subtle to give or receive an embrace. The spectres appear, shoal after shoal, but, compared with what they were in this world, they are like the mirage which gives a dim reflection of some goodly city upon the shore. How wretchedly does the Greece of the under-world compare with the beautiful Greece that flourished above in the Peloponnesus, in Attica, in Ionia, and the Ægean isles!

From Homer to Virgil is the space of about eight centuries, during which Pythagoras has lived and travelled and taught, gathering up all the wisdom of the East, all the truth veiled under the Egyptian and Grecian mysteries. Virgil imitates Homer when he sends his hero into the realms of the dead, but he enriches his description by drawing largely upon the Pythagorean philosophy. The student lingers delighted over the sixth book of the *Æneid* when the under-world, which before was so gloomy and desolate, begins to take form and order, and the fields of light and bliss are separated more distinctly from the realms of pain. We are conducted along to where the road divides into two, one leading to the left into the shades of Tartarus, the other to the right into the happy seats of the Elysian fields. On the left are the sounds of woe; groans, dreadful scourgings, and the clank of fetters. He enters not here, but passes on to the right into the Elysian fields. Here a larger ether clothes the plains in purple light, here they enjoy the light of their own sun and stars. Here good and just men enjoy as much as may be the things they loved on the earth. Illustrious warriors lie listless while their steeds graze in the pastures. Some dance to the music of their own numbers. Orpheus strings his harp anew. Some feast and some play at the games. Those who had invented useful arts and made themselves famous on earth, now wear chaplets bound around their temples white as snow. What an Elysium for rational beings to enjoy! — the privilege of eternal laziness after the work of life is over.

These happy spirits are discontented, however, and well they may be. They are thin and ghostly, and long for bodies and pine for the upper air. Æneas meets his father and tries to embrace him, but the image glides out of his grasp, — *par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno*, — like light winds or a fleeting dream. There are two methods of getting ghosts back again to substantial enjoyments and creature comforts. One is by the transmigration of souls into new bodies. This is the Pythagorean method, and is essentially heathen. The other is by the resurrection of the flesh. This was the Jewish method, and from the Jews, not from Christ, the Christian Church borrowed the dogma. By the Pythagorean method Virgil contrives a way for these spectres out of the under-world to the upper air. When sufficiently purified below, bodies are due them again; into these they transmigrate and go the rounds again of an earthly existence. We have a whole swarm of these ghosts in Virgil's Elysian fields, thick as bees in summer upon flowers, just going to transmigrate, as glad to get out of the heathen Elysium as boys out of church, and be famous men again upon the earth.

Virgil's morality is, on the whole, pure and good. Only bad men part off to the left into Tartarus; only the just and beneficent enter the Elysian fields. There is no magic over death-beds, no "faith imputed for righteousness" by which villains escape the consequences of the life they live. But the pneumatology is even as bloodless as Homer's, and unsubstantial as the last night's dream.

In the early Christian Church the world of the dead had three compartments, — heaven and hell, and the hades that lies between the two. Into the latter all men enter at first, reserved for the judgment that determines their final state to the bliss above or the pains below. These ideas are obvious enough, if we read the New Testament without any Protestant preconceptions; but as the pneumatology of the Catholic Church developed, it took along with it both Jewish

and pagan elements, and the whole comes into consistence sublime and terrible in the great poem of Dante. The *Divina Commedia* is not the invention of the poet. As Sismondi has very well represented, it is the popular Catholic mind crystallized into clear and solid shape by the magical power of genius, and hence holding ever afterwards the popular imagination as in the grasp of tyranny. Before Dante wrote, the same ideas had been dramatized under the sanction of the Church, and exhibited to crowds of people by strolling players.

If Virgil imitated Homer, Dante not only imitates Virgil, but takes the spirit of Virgil to guide him through the realms of the dead. To these realms there are three departments, — hell, purgatory, and heaven. The region of hell, like that of Homer and Virgil, is underground. It descends into the earth in the form of an inverted cone, the base being near the earth's surface and the apex being at the centre. Following the lead of the poet, we enter from the surface into the milder division first, and descend shuddering through nine concentric circles till we come to the centre, where we find Lucifer, the king of hell, half submerged in a frozen ocean, waving six gigantic wings, whose winnowing causes the freezing blast, and champing sinners in his gory jaws. As we descend through the nine circles, the punishments grow more terrible and the horrors deepen and grow blacker. All the vagueness and confusion which we found in the heathen poets now disappears. So awfully distinct do all things show in the lurid glamor, that, like persons gazing into a stereoscopic picture, we are ready to take it for a reality, and walk down into the horrible perspective. There is a personal interest in the scenes, — to the poet's countrymen it must have been intense, — for the chief sinners who have trod the earth are shown in hell enduring their eternal doom. The punishments are all physical, and seem sometimes to have a marvellous fitness to the crimes. In the mildest region — before, in fact, we have crossed over the river and got fairly into

hell—are the people who have done neither good nor evil. They are the fence men, without virtue and without vice, but selfish as all such people are, not fit for heaven or hell, so dwelling on the confines of the latter,

“Here sighs and lamentations and loud moans  
Resounded through the air, pierced by no star.”

Crossing over into the first circle are the heathen wise men, not saved, because never baptized into Holy Church. Their punishment is rather the absence of fruition than the presence of positive woe. In the second circle are the carnal sinners, tossed about by furious winds. In the third are the gluttons, who lie in the mire under showers of ice and noisome waters, while Cerberus barks over them and tears them piecemeal. In the fourth circle are the avaricious and the prodigal, subject to a like punishment,—rolling great weights against each other, like billow dashing against billow. In the fifth circle are the wrathful and gloomy merged in a Stygian lake, and their sighs make bubbles on the surface, and they mutter underneath,—

“Sad once were we,  
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,  
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:  
Now in these murky settlements we are sad.”

In the sixth circle lie the heretics in fiery tombs, out of which rise fetid flames, the lids not to be closed till the judgment day. In the seventh circle are the violent, plunged in a river of blood, and as they try to emerge, troops of Centaurs run along the banks and shoot them with arrows. In the eighth circle are the fraudulent sinners, seducers, flatterers, false prophets, hypocrites, robbers. The punishments are various: those of the robbers, by serpents, overpower the imagination. In the ninth circle are the traitors. It has four rounds, one enclosed within another, converging to the sea of ice, through whose transparent deeps Dante sees the worst traitors,—those who have betrayed their benefactors,—preserved in frost in all imaginable postures.

“ Some prone were laid,  
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,  
That on his head, a third with face to feet  
Bent like a bow.”

And at length he comes to the monster king, flapping his wings and keeping the sea frozen to its depths, and crushing traitors in his three mouths as by a ponderous engine. We have hastened through the nine circles, the mind indented forever with the awful imagery, and we are glad to emerge with the poet on the opposite side of the globe, where we come to the foot of the mountain of Purgatory. This, too, is conical in shape, and we ascend it spirally through seven concentric circles, where the seven mortal sins are expiated, the punishments growing milder as we ascend, till we come to the top of the mountain, on which lies the terrestrial paradise. The sins punished in purgatory are the same as those punished in hell; but as they were repented of before death, the punishments are milder and limited. The terrestrial paradise is full of beauty, and from this is the ascent to the heavenly paradise. In this transition Dante grows mysterious and incomprehensible, but somehow we go along with him to the heavenly abodes. These are divided into nine compartments, the sun and six planets of our system make seven, among the fixed stars is the eighth, and the Divine throne, veiled with celestial hierarchies, is the ninth. Now we become confused amid metaphysical disquisitions. We come to passages of wondrous beauty, but we have no description of the scenery of heaven answering in graphic power to that of the Inferno. And yet when we come to the ninth heaven, where the saints redeemed in Christ have attained the supreme glory, the poet's conception is delightfully sublime. The saintly multitude of human souls are so ranged as to be a vast celestial flower, into whose petals the angels come and go with whisperings of peace. We transfer the passage from Cary for its exceeding beauty.

“ In fashion as a snow-white rose, lay then  
Before my view the saintly multitude,  
Which in his own blood Christ espoused.    Meanwhile  
That other host that soar aloft to gaze  
And celebrate his glory whom they love,  
Hovered around, and like a troop of bees,  
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,  
Now clustering where their fragrant labor glows,  
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose  
From the redundant petals, streaming back  
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.  
Faces had they of flame and wings of gold ;  
The rest was whiter than the driven snow ;  
And as they flitted down into the flower  
From range to range fanning their plummy loins,  
Whispered the peace and ardor which they won  
From that soft winnowing.”

If the pneumatology of the Catholic Church becomes crystallized in Dante, that of Protestantism is set forth in Milton. “Paradise Lost” and “Paradise Regained” are the Protestant theology and angelology set to majestic music. Protestantism knows nothing of a purgatory or of the idea of the Christian Fathers respecting a mediate world between heaven and hell, of which the Catholic purgatory is only a development. The doctrine of fallen angels, long held by the Church, becomes in Milton the main working machinery. The revolt and battle in heaven ; the apostate angels cast out and become fiends, making a vast vacancy in the upper abodes ; the creation of man to fill up the vacancy ; the plots of the fiends to prevent it ; the consequent fall of man ; a Saviour provided for the exigency ; his partial success in rescuing some ; the resurrection of the flesh and the day of judgment, when Christ shall come again to restore the primitive Eden,—this is the framework of the poem, and on it rest all the articles of the Protestant creed ; angels as an order distinct from human beings existing before man was created, a personal Satan, the prince of fallen angels, original sin, a vicarious atonement, God in three persons, a personal second-coming of Christ a general

simultaneous judgment, the conflagration of the world, and a new Eden for the saints. Milton was one of the noblest of the Puritans, and in him their theology sublimely culminates.

How this doctrine of fallen angels got into the Christian Church, and came at length to color and dominate all its ideas of a spiritual world, is one of the most curious questions in the history of opinions. The student of the Bible will remember that the doctrine rests exclusively — at least for any explicit statement of it — on two texts of Scripture, one in the Epistle of Jude and the other in the Second Epistle of Peter (Jude 6, 2 Pet. ii. 4), and he knows, or should know, that the first is of doubtful canonicity, and the second a good deal more than doubtful. But in Jude we find quoted the prophecy of Enoch, a book often referred to in the early Church, down even to the ninth century, since which it was totally unheard of and unknown till within a very few years, and was considered as lost. Tertullian (A. D. 200) expressly avers that it is the work of the Holy Ghost. In the latter part of the last century, Bruce the traveller found this book in the Ethiopian Bible in use among the Christians of Abyssinia, and bound up as an integral part of it. He brought home three copies, and deposited one in the Bodleian library at Oxford. It turns out to be a Jewish composition, pretending to be written by "Enoch, the seventh from Adam," but shown clearly by modern scholarship to date not earlier than about one hundred and fifty years before Christ. It is a book of visions about heaven and hell, angels, devils, and so forth, and is the prime source whence the later Jews derived their demonology. Here first we have the notion of fallen angels. The writer knows all about them, — how many there were, who was their leader, the names of the seventeen captains under him, and how Raphael was sent down to bind them, to be kept "under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."\* Such is the

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\* The Christian Examiner for May, 1859, gives the history and describes the contents of the "Prophecy of Enoch."

Jewish book quoted in the doubtful epistles of Jude and the second of Peter, and so the doctrine of fallen angels, originating in Jewish fictions and rhapsodies, got between the lids of the New Testament, shaped the pneumatology of the Church, and furnished Milton with the machinery of his great poem, in which Protestant theology and pneumatology flower forth in their crowning lustre and fragrance.

Dante's spirit-realm, unlike that of the heathen poets, is substantial and tangible. It is real, not spectral. But it is so only as it is material. It is located in space, and he never fairly clears himself of the clogs of matter. Hell is still underground, and heaven is among the planets and stars. Milton is not less real. His angel-world spreads out into scenery more sweet and grand than that of earth, yet more like it than men suppose, and he seems to have an idea of spiritual substance, instinct with diviner life and indestructible energies, agreeably to Paul's aphorism,—"There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another."

We come next to the pneumatology of Swedenborg, which marks a new era in the Christian Church. There is an impression, we believe, that it is mystical and very difficult to get hold of. It is not half so mystical as Virgil or Milton; its lines are as clear-cut as those of Dante's *Inferno*, and a great deal more so than those of Dante's *Paradise*. It is comprised essentially in a little volume about as large as the New Testament, entitled "*Heaven and Hell, from Things Heard and Seen.*" We will endeavor to describe the essential features of Swedenborg's pneumatology, as compared with that of Paganism, of Catholicism, and of Protestantism, as embalmed in the poet-prophets who severally represent them.

He differs from them in what the Germans call the view point. They speak on this side the veil. He speaks from the other side. They gather up the faith of their times, and dramatize it to the imagination. He leaves behind all the

creeds, and tells what he heard and saw. This makes a mighty difference in the style. Homer's verse thunders like the tramp of cavalry. Virgil's is as smooth as a river of oil. Dante invented the interlinked *terza rima*, in which he sets the awful mysteries of the invisible creation to Italian music. Milton's heroic rolls with the majesty of ocean waves. Swedenborg differs from all these in having no style whatever. Some readers find fault with him for this, and he has been called "the leaden Swedenborg." They soon learn the reason. There is serious business in hand, and the writer keeps himself out of sight and avoids the tricks of language, because these would divert attention from the naked realities themselves.

But there is a more important difference. Swedenborg brings out the distinction between material and spiritual substance, and puts it on clear scientific ground. The spirit-world is not the attenuation and sublimation of matter, but more intensely real than matter. This comes into illustration in his doctrine of degrees. There are continuous degrees, and there are discrete degrees. By the first the same substance grows more crass or more subtile; by the second we rise to *another kind of substance*, to another plane and order of being. Heaven is above us not in space, nor hell below us in space, but in DISCRETE DEGREES of existence. That, on its own plane of being, spreads out the celestial paradises, and this, on its own plane of being, opens the caverns and the pitfalls. We enter them not by locomotion, but by having a sense already latent within us, couched and opened, — the very office which death will perform for us, — just as a blind man enters a realm of sights and colors and endless perspectives of form and outline, simply by having his eyes unsealed, and a dormant faculty brought into exercise. Death opens a new sense that only slumbered, and then the spirit-world, in which we had lived already, but which was veiled from us by our "vesture of decay," — a world of forms and substances to which our dim natural world

answers by feeble correspondences,—spreads out its fields brighter a hundred-fold, and filled with people. Thus Swedenborg clears us of the slough of matter, not, like Homer and Virgil, to land us among shades which are subtilized bodies, on the same plane of being as before, not, like Dante, among bodies solid enough, but still of the earth earthy, but among realities of which earthly things are a dull and feeble adumbration. In the old pneumatologies, and in almost all others which do not project matter into the other world and make it a *locale*, that world is the shadow and this is the substance; but in Swedenborg, that is the substance and this is the shadow.

Hence another difference. Swedenborg's celestial scenery is more distinctly outlined, and glows under a brighter sun than that of Dante or of Milton, but is not a sensual paradise.

“ All goodly things that gild our sphere  
Glow in diviner beauty there ”;

but they are the exfloration and representatives of inward states, or of the love and wisdom of God, flowing through the minds of his angels, and having their ultimations in all conceivable forms of beauty,—so that things seen are the prints and copies of the Divine mind sensibly revealing itself. They who grow purer within, put on whiter robes without, and see the Divine creations around them rise in grace and become more burdened with meaning. Just the reverse takes place with wicked spirits; for hell is man, with his faculties reversed and turned away from God.

Swedenborg, like Dante, and like the primitive Church, teaches a threefold state after death,—heaven and hell, and the world of spirits between. But the mediate realm is not the Catholic purgatory. It is where the real man comes out and becomes manifest. It is where hypocrisies and sham moralities put on by bad men for selfish ends fall off, that the ruling love may take its own shape and gravitate to its place below; where good men are disengaged from

remaining impurities and errors of faith, that the central love may have its fit form and enrobing, and rise in wedding-garments to its home above. But, unlike Dante, and unlike the modern Church generally, Swedenborg sees no good and wise heathen in hell, and no provisions to get pious villains into heaven. His line of division cuts neat and clean. No matter of what tribe of the earth, or of what form of religion, —\*those who have followed the light they had, and served God, and done good to men, also all babes and all the little children, since they have not had their probation, are disencumbered of cleaving corruption and falsities of faith, and then they walk in light. On the other hand, all selfish men, no matter for their praying and church-going and orthodox faith and dependence on the merits of Christ, go to their like in hell, with their pious externals peeled off, and their befitting squalor and deformity put on from within.

, Swedenborg's spirit-world lies so close to ours that we are already in it before we die. No river to cross, no need of Charon to waft us over. The soul is a substance, a spiritual body within the natural, differing from the natural by discrete degrees of life, putting on grace and beauty, and coming into angelic form with every advance in regeneration, putting on deformity and filthiness by lust and sin, — coming into alliance with angels and drawing their circle close around us, or coming into alliance with evil spirits and making them our kith and kin, — so that when death batters down the clay walls that shut in the spirit, the substantial immortal man, the home we have chosen, will already be around us. Thus Swedenborg's psychology needs neither a metempsychosis nor a resurrection of the flesh, but abhors both. It rises clear of the graveyards, and comes not back to them, because the real man has left there only a clog and a hinderance, and is more of a man for having parted with them. The spiritual body, which rises out of the natural, puts on incontinently the vigor and bloom of immortal years with all who are good and die in the Lord. The sick and

suffering rise in the freshness of health, and the old men grow young; because the spiritual body is pliant to the plastic life within.

Again, the spirit-world of Swedenborg, unlike Homer's, unlike Milton's, is intensely human. Its denizens are all men and women. There are no angels who were not once like us; no fiends, but human villains become fully ripe. Heaven or hell is only man revealed. The angelic spheres above us, and bending close around us, are glorified, yet sweet and tender, humanities,—our own ancestors, our own fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters elder-born, unchanged, except to grow warmer with the life of love. And the heavens they inhabit are full of delightful industries. They work, as well as sing, though love of use turns work itself into song. They are doing good works for each other and for us down here in the dark, and through them the Lord sees his universe rise and beautify in his sight who worketh all in all.

So intensely human is Swedenborg's spirit-world, that one who reads intelligently his "Heaven and Hell," will say, These things are so, for thus men and women will act and be, when all their spontaneities are set free; yea, thus I can see them already, through the transparent coverings of flesh and sense and artificial moralities, under which they pitch their tents every evening, "a day's march nearer home."

Dante, in his three kingdoms of the dead, has attempted a scheme of the universe. In it is compacted all the knowledge of his age, and it has justly been regarded as the most magnificent conception of the unaided human intellect. But Dante never gets above the lower story of the building. He never clears himself of space and time and material nature. Milton rises into the upper chambers, but he never sees them in unity and coherence with the entire structure. Swedenborg, notwithstanding his "leaden style," soars above them both, like an eagle above the song-birds; his pneumatology fits in with a system of the universe in which each part in-

terlocks with every other ; God, man, nature, angels, demons, revelation, Christ, redemption, providence, are in organic and living unity ; he sees the system of the universe, tier below tier, looking down from heights which are above space and time, and commanding all the degrees of existence below.

Once more, Swedenborg differs from all the pneumatologists in his power of searching the heart, and bringing its hidden things into consciousness. Heaven and hell are the apocalypse of man, and therefore wrapped up in what man is. Anthropology is the counterpart of all pneumatology. No revival tract ever turned the eye inwardly with a more anxious gaze than the three chapters which describe the first, second, and third states after death, wherein all that is adventitious melts away and the real man of the heart comes forth in substantial manifestation.

Thirty years ago it might have been said more truly of Swedenborg than Coleridge said of Milton, "He strides so far before the age that he dwarfs himself in the distance." But it will not be decent much longer for religious teachers to ignore Swedenborg or the ideas which come of his exposition. It lies especially upon Unitarians, who aspire to catholicity, who reject totally the old pneumatologies, and the prime article of whose creed requires them to keep the mind open to all the light of a new age, to include Swedenborg among the means of its illumination. Dr. Dewey has described in a very interesting homily the changes which he has witnessed during the thirty years of his ministry in the ideas of people concerning death. Once it was surrounded with grimness and blackness which might be felt ; now the blackness clears off before the glory that is streaming in. Mrs. Browning, every line of whose poetry is fragrant with the morning of the new age, says the same thing in a letter to a friend, recently published. "There is now," she says, "something warm and still familiar in those beloveds of ours, to whom we yearn out past the grave, — not cold and ghostly, as they seemed once, — but human, sympathetic, with well-

known faces. Quite apart from all foolish spiritual (so-called) literature, we find these impressions very generally diffused among theological thinkers of the most calmly reasoning order. The unconscious influence of Swedenborg is certainly to be taken into account. Probably something else."\*

Probably something else. Swedenborg is only a medium of the same light, coming in his way, and by his method, which is descending into all receptive minds, bringing the heavens nearer the earth, transfiguring the old theologies, abolishing the power of the grave, and covering the earth with the splendors of immortality.

Oberlin, the saintly pastor, took Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" for the text-book of his teachings. Clowes, an estimable clergyman of the English Church, translated it and made it the basis of his preaching. Some of the best lights of that Church have welcomed this as the true Christian pneumatology. Clissold expounds it. Maurice is not far from it.† The late Prince Consort conformed unto it his beautiful life, and drew comfort from it in his lamented death. The English queen, as good as she is illustrious, is said to have been educated in the belief of it, and to take from it her maxims of conduct. Mrs. Browning chants it with more heavenly sweetness, though with less awful sublimity, than Dante does the Catholic faith in his *terza rima*. And Heber, one of the most saintly of bishops, caught its spirit unawares, and prophesied more truly than he knew, —

"Even now perchance, wide waving o'er the land,  
The mighty angel lifts his golden wand,  
Courts the bright vision of descending Power,  
Tells every gate and measures every tower,  
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain  
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign."

S.

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\* Mrs. Browning says again, in a letter to a friend on receiving a treatise setting forth these views of the future life: "Few books have pleased me so much. . . . I have lent the book and recommended it in England, where the husks of the old theology interfere much with development and growth."

† Read his "Theological Essays."

## DISCIPLINE BEFORE BLESSING.

A SERMON BY REV. DEXTER CLAPP.

ST. JOHN xvi. 7:—"If I go not away, the Comforter will not come."

No doubt Jesus intended these words for his more immediate disciples. He knew how soon he was to pass away and be with them no more. He knew how much they leaned on him for strength and support,—how they would grieve over his departure. But the hour has come when he must break to them the sad intelligence, and prepare them to bear the loss by the promise of a sure spiritual gain. Their own higher welfare, he tells them, involves the necessity of his death. It is best for them that he should die. This truth, so mysterious, is yet to be the source of their greatest joy. Unless they lose *him* they cannot have the Comforter. Already they need something more than a visible outward presence. Their thoughts need to be withdrawn from an earthly kingdom, and find repose in meditating the kingdom of God. Their king must be enthroned in the heart and not in Jerusalem. Not by outward successes, but through suffering and sorrow only, can they pass to the spiritual truth and joy of their Lord. They must submit to this painful discipline of bereavement and loss before they can understand or feel the power of Christ. They must learn a lesson of sacrifice, of renunciation, and be brought to give him up before, in any high or spiritual sense, they can *have* him, as their perpetual inspiration, their eternal life. They must let him depart, let him die, or they cannot receive his immortal spirit, his promised Comforter.

The disciples thought differently. They wished to retain him on earth, to sit at his feet, to hear his words of wisdom and see his miracles of love. They wished to live in his visible presence and witness the visible triumphs of his reign. They coveted his divine blessings, without making any earthly

sacrifice, they wanted the spiritual Comforter without surrendering the mortal Friend.

At this point our subject widens out beyond Christ's immediate disciples, and assumes a universal and practical importance. The moral difficulty with those early followers is the difficulty now with us. We want the *blessing*, and try to escape the *discipline*. We demand the comfort, and refuse to make the sacrifice. We demand the future recompense, and refuse to pay the present price. The old moral difference between Christ and the disciple remains still, separating *us* from the Master to-day. The appointed way of duty, over which Jesus passed in sacrifice and patience, the disciple of every age has entered on with shrinking and fear. He has never ceased to covet the heavenly city towards which it leads, or the *rest* that there awaits the weary pilgrim. But the long passage, the rough stones and steep ascents, these make him ask, if he can bear the hardship, the solitude, the darkness? What avails that there is joy at the end, while there is so great trial on the way? Is it not lawful, is it not right, to pray for the reward, and try to shun the hard conditions? This would be like the mariner seeking a secure harbor, but expecting sunshine throughout the voyage. I doubt if any difficulty of a moral nature is more universal than this. Who now is willing to do what Jesus asked of his early disciples, give up the mortal friend for the sake of the immortal Comforter? Who does not fear to accept the principle involved in this passage of the Redeemer's life? Who cheerfully sacrifices present ease and comfort and affection for the sake of a new growth in the future of all these elements of being? Who does not pray for God's blessing, and at the same moment try to avoid the very peril and labor and privation on which that blessing depends? The disciples were ready to rejoice in the promise of the Comforter, but they also desired to retain the visible Friend. Who fully acquiesces in the Divine Law, that makes spiritual good the direct result of earthly sacrifice, and stern disci-

pline here the surest pledge of peace and happiness hereafter? The seed must fall into the earth and die, before it is able to grow again, and increase and multiply its being. We must *lose* our own life, in order to *find* it. Before we can have any new value whatever, we must pay out something. Giving is the normal condition for receiving. Christ the earthly Friend must go away, or Christ the Comforter will not come.

The law is universal and inflexible. Discipline is annexed to all blessing and happiness. There is not a good in human life which does not depend on some previous culture, or preparation. You complain that gifts and joys so often escape you; when your soul is pining in want or wretchedness, they continue to pass you by. It is called a hard lot, to see coveted blessings fall everywhere save into your own waiting heart. But remember that there is no chance in the distribution of God's love. Remember that you may *covet* and *pray* for satisfactions which you are not prepared to receive, or appreciate. You have not gone through the spiritual training necessary for a spiritual inheritance. You have not paid the price of the treasures that you crave. You have not earned the enjoyment that you demand. Man must toil his way up to the heavenly heights; no fortunate gale can waft him there in a moment. Never can he reach the shining gates without brave effort of his own, without long waiting and labor and patience. The *work* of life comes before the *reward*, the discipline before the blessing, the sacrifice before the happiness. Even our life here below is never so truly beautiful and joyous as when we are willing to give it back to God. With the feeling of hearty renunciation there comes an abiding peace and happiness. Then the soul finds its blessings, and rises into its immortal state. It is a mistake to suppose that we can shun any evil, or seize any good. Too often we make these foolish attempts, trying to baffle the Divine Providence. Who can put off one of the evil days, or clandestinely gain any of the riches of heaven?

Take the world as it comes, cheerfully accept every appointed condition, avoid nothing that you ought to bear, receive nothing of which you are unworthy, simply and bravely suffer and do as God commands, and his blessing will come without your seeking; happiness will flow into your heart before you feel ready to claim it, before acknowledging any merit of your own. Preparation is our first and great duty. It is our main business in this world. That is the "one thing needful." Men think themselves prepared for blessings, perhaps for the kingdom of heaven, when they are only spiritual children, with no developed capacity for enjoying, or even receiving, the greater gifts of God. Any good that is beyond your moral desert would prove a moral encumbrance, and be a source of misery. There is no use in translating a sinner into heaven, that I can think of, except to give him a keener sense of punishment by making him more deeply sensible of his great unworthiness. Every Divine blessing implies a previous training, some education or development. In our minds, after some vague sense, the kingdom of heaven stands for personal happiness. We identify that spiritual state with our own established peace, with freedom from pain and conflict and trial. But let us see whether we are capable of entering into such beatitude. Can we understand it? Are our spirits trained up to an appreciation of this great joy? Can we enter upon our rest before we have done our work? Can we take in the thought, the affection of a regenerate soul, before we are made regenerate? How can we enter heaven before having the heavenly mind? It is a long way over to God's kingdom; many wearisome steps are to be taken before we reach its golden portals; many crosses are to be borne, many sacrifices made, difficulties to be overcome, sorrows felt, and tears shed; and only when we have gone bravely through the whole of this hard discipline are we prepared to sit down and feel that the goal is won, and we have finally achieved the victory of our faith.

The popular doctrine of probation, that is, a trial-time, is

only another form of our present subject. This world is considered a probationary scene ; it is the trial part of our great life. In the main the doctrine is true. It is false only in its temporal limitations. Theologians have confined this state of our existence wholly within the present world. I should say that it had moral limits, but no limits in time. Many a soul has passed all its probation long before its earthly life is over ; and many another soul has not even begun this earliest work when arrested by death. Just as fast as you accept the discipline of any experience, you diminish the trial-period of your being. With the progressing spirit, probation is ending continually. It is ending with the acquisition of every inward grace and virtue. Probation, the trial-season of life, lasts as long as the soul's impatience or pride last, as long as the human will refuses to acquiesce in the will of God. It ceases as fast as the soul grows. There is less and less trial as resignation and trust gain possession of the heart. Believing that all things are ordered in wisdom, that love presides over our destinies, there is no more wish to change a single condition of life, to keep off a sorrow, to shun a difficulty ; there is not even a wish that God had made our way easier, or the grave less mysterious and dark. Faith like this translates the soul, puts it beyond danger and fear. It puts an end to trial. I am not saying but the same events may still lie in our human path, the same griefs and hopes and hardship. Only they will all seem changed, as the mortal is changed when putting on immortality. Faith that God's arrangements are the best ; faith that can give up any treasure into his hands, or commit a friend to his invisible care ; faith that can bear the changes and separations in our earthly homes, or can calmly contemplate our own departure ; — such faith transfigures trial, converts it from hard and weary discipline into happy experience and foretaste of heaven. Thus probation ends when we rise into the higher, divine life. It continues until we are trained for a better state, until we are prepared to accept and enjoy God's mysterious providence.

The significance of this doctrine is deep and practical. It is the first great lesson of life. Before we can advance to any higher condition, we must go through this primitive state of discipline. We can quarrel with our lot ; call it hard, and desire to have it changed, and so postpone the day of our deliverance from it, the day of our spiritual emancipation. But remember, there is no escape. All discontent only protracts the period of trial, or makes it more severe. It lies wholly with ourselves whether it shall last to the close of life, or to an era still further off ; whether we shall early submit to God's will, or procrastinate until manhood or old age.

It would have been better for those early disciples had they at once surrendered their Master, had they given him without a fear, to his Father and their Father. It would have made their trial-period briefer. It would have sooner brought back the Comforter. The same is true of us. Whenever God sends a trial, or demands a sacrifice, let us comply immediately, and heartily. Thus we get through the difficulty in the easiest way, thus we attain our blessing in the shortest time. Question the wisdom of obedience ; try to find some other path than that which God has laid down ; wait a day or a year to see if you cannot discover some escape, or, at least, gain some new courage, — and you will only raise additional fears, in your questionings fall into greater perils, and get more and more perplexed. There is no moment for the performance of a duty so good as the present. There is no way to heaven so direct, so pleasant, as God's way. The best thing to do at all times is to accept every toil and trial ; work through the one as fast as we can, and endure the other as bravely as we can. So we speedily mend our evils, and cut short our period of probation, of discipline, and trial.

Before any one has gone far in life, this great demand is made, to give up something ; and often it is something as dear as Christ was to those dependent, sorrowing disciples. We

are often called to surrender what we feel is indispensable to our happiness, if not to our existence. God is often demanding of us what we are unwilling to give; the very treasure, the very friend, that we cannot spare. Our regrets, our prayers and tears, avail nothing. Our hope must be disappointed, and our strength taken away, as the seed must die, and the Christ depart. The question is not, whether we can keep our friend with us, whether we can avoid the trial, but, How can we be reconciled and submissive? How can we use our sorrow or loss so as to gain back as an immortal possession what we have seemed to lose? How yield up our Master, that God shall return him to us, as our everlasting Comforter? There is a moral process that faithfully restores all that we cheerfully give, that brings to our homes once more those whom we have laid hopefully in the grave. Selfish murmuring, withholding, gains nothing back, even fails to keep what it seems to have. This is the moral process that bereaves the soul. Thus our trial may become our strength, our discipline become our growth, our sacrifice our gain, and death our life.

In the light of this doctrine, first enunciated by Christ himself, and then illustrated by his example, let us see the character of our sin, in striving to avoid the discipline of life. It is practical atheism, a denial of God himself, to rebel against our human conditions. You covet what lies at the end, — the reward, the blessing, the peace of the purified soul. You want the heavenly treasures, but are not willing to labor for them, to earn them, by watching and patience and sacrifice. You want the promised salvation, and hope to have it hereafter, but are not willing to work it out here with trembling and fear. When riches fail, you want the everlasting habitations to receive you, and you want this last refuge without the previous condition of renunciation. When friends die, you want the consolation of faith, without submission or trust. But there is no blessing, no comfort, for the undisciplined, unresigned, unprepared soul. The divine words of Jesus, "Let not your hearts be troubled," "I am

the Resurrection and the Life," have no meaning, no consoling power to the spirit that has not first meekly bowed before the Divine chastisement. If there is one sad spectacle in the world, it is the stubborn, unreconciled heart. I hear thoughtless men say, as they look around upon the fortunate in wealth and place, "We can never believe that these great inequalities are right." And there is something plausible in the scepticism. If these outward signs were moral realities, if station and riches were synonymous with virtue and happiness, the doubt would be just. But as they hold no necessary or spiritual relation to the blessings of God, as riches and righteousness are not convertible terms, so this complaint is without foundation, and indicates only a fearful lack of faith. The true soul looks on poverty and wealth with an equal eye; not to covet one and avoid the other, but from a higher point, as alike means of discipline; alike to be accepted if God sends them; alike to be used for unfolding and purifying the heart. In the same way it contemplates joy and sorrow, not merely to escape the one and secure the other, but to welcome both in their season, to garner in the deep experience that they both teach and illustrate. The true soul sees that the great spiritual lessons are not taught by happiness alone, not alone by fortune, by the surroundings of wealth or friendship, not alone by prosperity. The profound sentiments of love and hope are awakened by pain and grief, by mortal changes, and the dissolutions of the grave. When age, from its higher and calmer position, looks back, and reviews the years that are gone, it remembers with gratitude that life is not an unbroken scene of success. Then it can rejoice that there has been some hardness in its lot, some cares and adversities that check the desire even to retrace its earthly steps; some trials that have loosened the earthly bonds, and make it easier to depart than to remain. With such a discipline we are prepared for the future, for the blessing of immortality. Then we are prepared to receive the Comforter. We have a faith that can commit kin-

dred and friends to God without a fear ; can let them go away whenever he calls, — for we believe that they go to return again, they vanish for a moment to be present forevermore.

My friends, it is only on this discipline that we can graft the consolation of Christ's promises and hopes. You may ask for these divine blessings, as you often will, when overtaken by disappointment, by suffering and sorrow ; but you will ask in vain, because you have not grown up to understand their spiritual character, and are not capable of entering in to their joy. You are not prepared to receive the good which they bring ; and never can be prepared except by cheerful submission and full surrender of the heart to God. Discipline before blessing. Go through the one, and you shall have the other. Every personal sacrifice brings a disinterested joy. To the mourning heart there is no Comforter till the heart yields up its treasure, cheerfully consenting to have it taken away. One after another we give up our earthly prizes, the dear treasures of our hearts and homes. But the Comforter will not come because they are gone, — only because we are resigned, and are willing to have them go. And whatever we give away or lose like that, through love of God, God will keep and give us back again. Heartily let us accept the human discipline, the sacrifice of self, and so prepare to receive the Divine Comforter !

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“LET us be cheerful! The same sky o'erarches,  
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good ;  
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,  
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

“Faith, hope, and love, still in our hearts abiding,  
May bear their precious fruits in us the same ;  
And to the couch of suffering we may carry,  
If but the cup of water in His name.”

## FAITH ITS OWN EVIDENCE.

WE commonly have a sure conviction of the reality of that which we see with our own eyes. But we may be as certainly convinced of the existence of things we never saw, as we are of things we have seen, being satisfied of their existence by the testimony of others. I may be as certain that there is such a place as Rome as that there is such a place as Boston, though Boston I have seen and Rome I have not.

Moreover, there are truths which do not come under the cognizance of any bodily sense, and yet we may be as well satisfied of their reality as of anything which we see, taste, or handle. The conviction that there is another state of conscious existence, in which spirits live, and into which our souls will enter when they leave these earthly bodies, may be held with as much confidence as the assurance that the sun shines at midday. And so of the truths of religion generally, though they relate to things invisible to the bodily eye, we may be as certain of their reality as we are of the reality of anything our eyes have seen or our hands have handled. Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen; i. e. faith gives a real subsistence, a present reality, to those things hoped for in the minds and souls of them that do believe. It makes the realities of the spiritual and unseen world to be actually present to the minds of them that believe. Faith is called the substance of things invisible, because that which as yet is not an object of open vision, is by faith in a certain sense made present to the soul, and actually dwells in it.

Let us briefly illustrate this law of faith by applying it to several of the more important doctrines of our holy religion. The law may be stated thus: Faith in the truth of religion brings with it to the mind of the believer an evidence of their reality, or faith its own evidence.

Take, first, that doctrine which lies at the foundation of

religion, the doctrine of the existence of God. Why do we believe that there is a God? Some may say, Because of the evidence of this truth in the constitution and course of nature, or in the history of man, both of which departments of knowledge furnish abundant proofs of Divine power, wisdom, and love; but probably if the great majority of Christian hearts were questioned as to the ground of their faith in God, it would be found that they believe in him because they *love* to believe in him; because they have found by actual trial that such a truth suits their nature; because by continually cherishing the thought of God, of his overruling Providence, his universal presence, his paternal care over his children, the idea of God has become so fixed in their hearts that you can no more tear it out of them than you can annihilate the immortal spirit itself. There is in the human soul a natural disposition or tendency to believe in God. This disposition needs, however, to be cultivated, and the particular shape which it may take, or the strength which it may have, will depend very much on the kind and degree of cultivation it may receive. It may be strengthened by a contemplation of the evidences of God's hand in the material universe, by a contemplation of that Divine image that dwells in the bosom of every man that cometh into the world, by meditation upon those moral truths that are written in the conscience, all pointing us to a sovereign God who ruleth over all. Let the idea of God be thus cherished in the mind, let there be so much exercise of faith as to keep this idea of God in the mind, and there will spring up conviction of the truth of his existence such as cannot be shaken. It will become the predominant thought of the soul; for the soul of man was made to cherish the idea of God. In the very act of faith in God there springs up in the mind convincing evidence that there is a God. The soul opens its eyes and is filled with the light of the Divine Presence. Suppose a man close his eyes in the daytime, and walk in darkness and say, there is no sun. How shall he

be convinced that there is a sun whose light is shining all around him? Let him open his eyes, and he will see. So let a man open his heart to the thought of God, and the existence of the sun in the heavens at noonday will not be more evident than the existence of an Almighty God, the Creator and Sovereign of all.

But without this exercise of faith in God, the soul is able to resist the most convincing evidence of his existence that can be brought to bear upon it in this probationary state. The distinguished French astronomer, La Place, is reported to have said: "I have looked through the universe, and nowhere do I find a God; for aught I can see, the universe was without beginning, and for aught I can see, will be without end." Sir Isaac Newton, the Christian philosopher of England, viewing the same wondrous mechanism of the heavens, said: "It is impossible that this universal frame could be without an all-wise and all-powerful Creator, who made all, and continually upholds all by the word of his power." Why the difference in the two cases! In one there was an act of faith, or of moral trust in God as the Creator and Father of all, and this act of faith carried with it the surety of its own truth. In the other there was no such moral sentiment. It is by *faith* we know that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.

In like manner, in viewing the course of human history, there are those who see no evidence of an overruling Providence directing the affairs of men, but everything appears to them the result of blind, relentless fate, without any definite, well-determined, consistent purpose, embracing and controlling all. Like the before-mentioned philosopher who found no God in nature, there are, or have been, distinguished historians who find no God in human history, but are inclined to see a destructive rather than a constructive power in controlling the fates of men. But the believing soul finds in the course of human history one of the strongest evidences

of the existence of God, sees constant traces of a Divine Hand in the rise and fall of nations, constant progress towards one glorious consummation foretold in the Holy Scriptures. Faith in God opens to our view the hidden mysteries both of nature and of history, solves their difficulties, and reconciles their seeming contradictions.

Take, secondly, the doctrine of the Divine Inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures. Why do we believe that the Bible is of Divine authority? Is it because we have an unbroken chain of testimonies to the truth of the Gospel history reaching back through every generation to the age of the Apostles? This indeed is a useful argument, and has drawn many a student of history to the careful study of the sacred records, which have thereby become to him the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation. But still the great majority of Christians know little of this argument. Is it because in the second century a universal council of the Church decided which books should be regarded as canonical, and which should not? This indeed is important to know about, for the Spirit of God is present in the Church, and we ought to think more highly than we commonly do of the testimony of the Spirit as revealed in the consciousness of believers; but still the Church regards the Bible, and not the decisions of councils, as the rule of their faith. And why did the early Church select these, and not other books, as sacred and inspired? And why do Christians now believe in the Divine authority and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures? The Bible is its own evidence to them that believe. Let your heart be open to the instructions of the Bible, and you will know that they are from God. Believe, and you shall understand. Believe in Christianity, and you will be convinced that the book which tells you of Christ, and from beginning to end is a revelation of Christ, must be from God. You may not be able to define what you mean by inspiration, or to give any theory about it, but you have the witness in yourself testifying to the truth of God. No other book speaks

to your soul like this, and tells you of what you want to know; and believing the records of this book, you find a satisfactory answer to your most earnest inquiries respecting life and immortality. In one part is poetry, in another part is history, and in yet another there is prophecy, and often poetry, history, and prophecy are curiously commingled; but everywhere there is one and the same spirit, the same inexhaustible fountain of truth overflowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Let us take for another illustration of our principle the doctrine of the Atonement, by which is meant that Christ is our Saviour by having been a sacrifice for us. Why do we believe this doctrine? Is it because of any formal argument tending to show the necessity of an expiation for sin in order to satisfy and maintain Divine justice? There is very little of such argumentation in the Scriptures, and, as it is not unfrequently managed by theological writers, tends only to bewilder and confuse the mind. In the Gospel is presented to view the great truth of the pardoning love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. What we have to do is, to yield our hearts to the influence of this pardoning, purifying love. The Gospel precept is, Believe; and to believe the Gospel offer, is to make a trial of it; and whoever has tried it, has found it true. When the soul convicted of sin and desirous of pardon, once by faith embraces a crucified Saviour, it immediately finds rest and peace. Ceasing to rely upon self for salvation, it relies upon Christ, and upon what he has done and suffered, and in this act of reliance, or of faith, evidence strong and abundant springs up to satisfy the soul that the doctrine is Divine, that Jesus is the Lord our Righteousness. The Gospel offer is tested by experiment and found true. Faith in Christ is a Divine propitiation for sin, places the soul on a sure foundation, so that, no more tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, it

now rests quietly and joyfully in the truth that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses, and in the light of this truth is enabled better to understand other portions of Divine Revelation, as also the mysteries of Nature and of Providence. Our Saviour's invitation is, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No one ever made trial of this, and did not find it true.

Once more, let us consider this principle in its relation to the doctrine of future immortality. The principle is, that faith in the doctrines of religion brings with it to the mind of the believer an evidence of their reality. The Christian is fully persuaded that when he shall be absent from the body he will be present with the Lord. Why? Why has he this sure conviction? It may be said in general, because of the promises of the Gospel. But why do these promises have such convincing power to the Christian? It is because he cherishes in his heart the thought of future blessedness in the presence of his Saviour; it is because the very act of communion with Christ on earth by faith is accompanied with a conviction that this communion is and must be an unending one, that the dissolution of the body will not be a check to it, but only the removing of a barrier which now prevents the perfect exercise and enjoyment of it. He who worships God feels that this worship connects him with a spiritual world, and in its very nature is something eternal. Hence the pious Jews of olden times believed in immortality, while the great mass of the people probably had little idea of it. He who loves the Saviour, and meditates upon his glory while yet unseen by mortal eyes, cannot but believe that there is an eternal world of blessedness where are assembled the good out of every kindred and tongue, and where they continually surround the throne, and ascribe glory and dominion and power and blessing unto Him who hath loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood. The more the thought of another world, of another life, is cherished in

the heart, the nearer it seems to us, and the more evident is its reality. Faith, like virtue, is its own reward. It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

To some minds, this course of reasoning will seem like reasoning in a circle. They will say, You require us to believe in order to believe. You require us to receive certain statements on trust, and then promise we shall know the statements to be true. So indeed it is. The Gospel can be received in no other way. We must first *trust* the truth of God, and then we shall *know* the truth of God. The Gospel of Christ, simply because it is moral and religious, cannot be demonstratively proved so as to *impel* men to believe contrary to the wishes of their hearts, but it must be received by an act of faith, an act of moral trust; and whoever thus receives it will have, as the result of his faith, a sure conviction of its reality and eternal truth. There is this difference between moral truths and the truths of demonstrative science, that the one cannot be forced upon the minds of those who are disinclined to receive them, while the other must be believed by all who intellectually understand them. That two and two make four cannot be denied by any one who is able to understand the meaning of the words, or that the sun is shining at noonday in a cloudless sky cannot be denied by any one who has sound and healthy eyes; but moral truths, simply because they are moral, *though they are equally certain*, it is yet possible for a person so inclined to deny. If moral truths were impelled upon our belief in this world as they will be in another, there would be no room for moral probation or discipline. Therefore to try men, whether they will believe or not, whether they will become holy or not, moral truths are covered with a veil which can be removed only by an act of faith. The external evidences of the truth of the Gospel are such as call for the respectful and earnest attention of every candid mind to the claim it makes of being a revelation from God; they are all they can be and leave any

room for probation or choice; only the act of faith is required to make the evidence as direct, immediate, and certain as the evidence presented by bodily sense of the existence of any object about us. God requires us to believe, and then he rewards the belief with a sure conviction of the truth of what has been believed. He requires us to believe in his Son Jesus Christ, and then rewards the belief with a clear and ever-blessed perception of the divine, unspeakable excellency of Jesus. The faith demanded by the Gospel is a venture of the soul upon Jesus Christ, but it is a venture which is rewarded with a sure conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus, a venture by which the soul of the believer finds a sure foundation of solid rock amid the moving quicksands of doubt and unbelief.

It may also be objected to the principle we are endeavoring to maintain, that it would apply equally well to the doctrines of false religion. But it is not so. For there is a correspondency between the truths of the Gospel and the wants of the soul which does not belong to the doctrines of false religion, and therefore our principle is entirely inapplicable to them, at least so far as they are destitute of any true elements. It is not true with respect to them, that faith in them brings evidence of their truth to those who believe, but with regard to them all may be said, what the converted heathen priest said, as reported by Neander: "For a long time I knew that what we worshipped was nothing, and the more zealously I sought for truth in our religion, the less I found it. Now I confess that in the Gospel the truth is manifest which is able to bestow upon us the gift of life and eternal blessedness."

To every one, then, who is inclined to be sceptical with regard to the doctrines of Christianity, we would say, *Try them*. Do not pronounce an opinion upon them until you have tried them by the appropriate organs of your moral nature. *Take them a little while on trust*. In order to gain a knowledge of external material things, they must first become the objects of some bodily sense. We must either see

them, or touch them, or taste, or smell, or hear them. After this is done, then the intellect may pronounce some judgment upon them and their properties. So it is with the truths of religion. For them we are endowed with a faculty of faith, the noblest faculty of our being, a spiritual eye by which the soul discerns spiritual things, a new sense reaching far beyond the other five. To this faculty the truths of the Gospel make their appeal. By it must they be tested before the soul can properly know them. Test them, and you will find them true. Exercise faith in them, and you will have evidence of their reality as strong at least as that produced by ocular demonstration, or any impression of the senses. You justly demand substantial evidence for what you believe. Believe, and you shall have the evidence you desire.

E. R.

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“HE who does not use a gift, loses it; the man who does not use his voice or limbs, loses power over them, and becomes disqualified for the state of life to which he is called. In like manner, he who neglects to pray, not only suspends the enjoyment, but is in a way to lose the possession, of his divine citizenship. We are members of another world; we have been severed from the companionship of devils, and brought into that invisible kingdom of Christ which faith alone discerns,—that mysterious presence of God which encompasses us, which is in us and around us, which is in our heart, which enfolds us as though with a robe of light, hiding our scarred and discolored souls from the sight of Divine purity, and making them shining as the angels; and which flows in upon us too by means of all forms of beauty and grace which this visible world contains, in a starry host or (if I may so say) a milky-way of divine companions, the inhabitants of Mount Zion, where we dwell.”

## THE REVELATIONS OF THE CRISIS.

Not the least instructive of the lessons that come of this terrible war are those that teach us what the genuine stuff is that enters into the composition of the soldier, of the men on whom the country is to rely in the day of its extremity and danger. The traitors who mislead the South probably would not have attempted their treason if they had not fallen into the fatal mistake of confounding courage with bravado and good manners with pusillanimity. The mistake was natural enough, so long had they carried the day in the national Congress by means of threat and bluster, by means of the dirk and the pistol.

Great crises always reveal the men, if any there are to be revealed. In the days of security it may come to pass that the scum and the froth will float uppermost, yea, that we see little for a while beside the drift-wood upon the stream. But the earthquakes that heave the ocean-bed and change the courses of the rivers bring up the golden treasures from the deeps.

Where are Ellsworth's Zouaves?—those truculent fellows, drawn from the purlieus of depravity and sin, to fight the battles of patriotism? The regiment shivered in pieces at the first shock of battle at Bull Run, and went back to its haunts of vice. Where are the Louisiana Tigers?—those terrible butchers, who were to finish the Yankees and end the war? We are making the discovery that the peaceful men are the strongest in the day of battle, and that if we would treasure up material for good soldiers when a great crisis demands them, we must do it by means of the church, the common school, and the Sunday school. Only those whose Christian virtues shine purest in the time of peace will be the men whose heroism will shine most gloriously in the time of war. When the dear mother country that bore us calls upon us to make the last great sacrifice to save her, the men

to whom Christ hath taught the beauty of self-sacrifice will answer most promptly and truly,—"Here we are."

Something more than two years ago it fell to our lot to preach a few Sundays to the first Unitarian Society in Chicago. There was a man who used to come into our room and converse by the hour on religious subjects, and such was his devoutness and gentleness of spirit, so clear and lofty his views of Christ and Christianity, so blest and edifying the influence abiding with us after seeing and talking with him, that the sound of his footfall always gladdened us when he came, and pained us when he went. Read the description of the battle at Pittsburg Landing; read especially the doings of that awful Saturday night, when Beauregard's forces were in possession of the Union camps, and the Union forces, shattered and bleeding, were cowering under the river's banks, and the foe was waiting for daylight to finish his victory; mark the name of the man on the staff of General Grant, and ever at his right hand, who was active all that night, who planted his battery at midnight in the face of the enemy, and who did more than any one man to roll back the tide of battle;—mark this name, and you have that of this same Christian gentleman of the sweetest courtesies in private life, "putting on glory and victory like a robe," and turning a field of disaster into a field of triumph.

Our brother Collyer, of Chicago, in his inimitable description of the scene after the battle of Fort Donelson, has made a comparison, though not invidiously, between the Western and the Eastern soldiers. Does he know how many of those brave Western boys are in fact Eastern boys, graduates of our schools and Sunday schools, our kith and kin, God bless them! bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; yea, how close and tender are the ties that knit the East and the West together? Among the ingenuous faces that used to meet us in one of the day schools and in the Sunday school at Lancaster, Mass., was that of a boy, whom we saw grow up into young and promising manhood under some of the

best parental influences which the dear old Bay State affords. George, for we must call him so yet, went to Chicago and had engaged in business. The country called for its young men, and he left his business and answered, "Ready." They gave him a captain's commission, and we next hear of him in that same battle of Pittsburg Landing, where it raged the hottest, and where the slaughter was at its height. "I led sixty-eight men into the battle," he wrote home, "and forty of them were killed." Most of the remainder were wounded, and only four men were firing their pieces when he led them off the field. He was preserved amid the iron hail-storm we fear, alas! to become a victim to the climate; but if so, God will bless the wife and the parents, and the memory of a life laid down so beautifully on the altar of God and of country.

In the battle of Bull Run there was an Ohio company which did *not* fall into the panic, but which drew off and came into Washington with their ranks unbroken. The captain of this company writes that they were without rations from Friday afternoon till Monday. They went through that fierce fight and long march with empty stomachs, but with full hearts, and three days afterwards their brave leader was well rested and ready to fight again. These three-months' volunteers, returning to Cincinnati, were met with an ovation prepared for them by a grateful people, as the company who kept cool amid the general rout. Their captain, after being plied with showers of roses, re-enlisted, and is doing brave service in McClellan's army. These, doubtless, were "Western men." But it is not a great many years since the gallant officer whom the Cincinnati ladies showered with bouquets was a boy whom we used to see playing in the streets of a New England village, belonging to a Christian home of the selectest influence, and under which these manly virtues were prepared and nurtured, as the best offering to the country in its hour of need.

Great crises reveal men. We thought slavery was barbarous and brutalizing in its influence. But how barbarous and

how brutalizing few people had any conception of, till this rebellion brought out into daylight all its capabilities for perfidy and cruelty. If, after this, we suffer it to creep up again into power, and shape the national policy, we shall deserve to be ruined by it. The Commodore Foote, who has lately drawn upon himself so much of the admiration and love of all loyal people, wrote a book of travels a few years ago, entitled, "Africa and the American Flag." Lately reading it over again, we were forcibly struck with the resemblance between the barbarism of Dahomy and the barbarism at Manasses. There, too, the skulls of enemies are set up and used as drinking-goblets, and their bones turned into amulets and ornaments. There too prisoners of war are sacrificed, and there too the women are most conspicuous in the bad practices, which not only unsex women, but turn men and women into wolves. Let us not suppose that, in race or in lineage or in native proclivities, Northern men are any better or any more humane than Southern. Both belong to the Teutonic stock yet struggling out of barbarism; but while free schools and free institutions have opened the way on the one hand into the light of Christian civilization, they are left on the other in the primitive darkness. We should not waste our revenge upon the men. But if the government gets its foot fairly upon the neck of the institution which corrupts them, and does not strangle it, the government will betray the trust given to it at this solemn hour.

Great crises reveal the stability of institutions. "The republican experiment has failed." There is a malignant joy in which this string seems to be harped upon in every English review which has come to us during the past year. Even the "liberal" Westminster is hardly an exception, and the malice which characterizes the hate of the tory Blackwood is only matched by the stolidity of its ignorance. When they say that the *republican* experiment has failed, they seem ignorant of the fact that only in nineteen of these States has that experiment ever been tried, while the other fifteen are

aristocracies resting on a substratum of serfdom, — that the line which separates the real republics from the sham republics, divides security, internal order, unshaken stability through all the framework of society, from disorder and ruin, reigns of terror, assassinations, where man is against man, and brother against brother, and father against child, — that on one side of the line half a million of men spring to arms voluntarily, and are ready to give their lives for the institutions which they love, while on the other side are hateful conscriptions, to fill up armies that melt away before the armies of Freedom. Fifteen thousand Yankees are holding the city of New Orleans. We wonder how long fifteen thousand slavers would hold the city of Boston before all the acres of Massachusetts bristled with steel from Cape Cod to Berkshire. There were two experiments, — one inaugurated at Jamestown and one at Plymouth, — one of aristocratic rule, the other of republican, both now culminating in their last results. One exhibits society demoralized, and rotten in its foundations; the other is a splendid exhibition of the intrinsic energy and stability of free institutions.

Great crises reveal us all. The rebellion will collapse, the leaders take their place in the pillories which history will assign them, and the government emerge from the convulsion strengthened and purified. But duties will remain. Men will return home among us, many of them scarred, maimed, and disabled, — they are coming now, — of the hosts of martyrs who have made the hills, the plains, and the rivers of the nation more dear and holy because baptized with martyr blood. Thousands of families will have their most sacred ties sundered and bleeding, and the peace which comes will be a peace which they have helped to buy with dearer treasures than silver and gold. We that have stayed at home and written and talked and read about the war, ought to be thankful of the privilege of binding up the wounds which it leaves, and of holding all our worldly substance cheap that may help to bear the burdens which it entails.

S.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## MY CREED.

WHO WILL SIGN IT? WHAT SHALL I CALL IT? SHALL I CONFESS IT  
WITH THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION?

WILL the reader pardon the first person? I have not yet learned to use any other. On this side my education was much neglected. Individualism of the straitest sort has always been my sect. As yet I have never been drawn into any Ecclesiastical group, not even into that to which the Year-Books and Directories, secular and spiritual, assign me. Not that this is of any consequence to anybody save myself, only it does explain the "my." Sometimes one wishes he could say "our," and did belong to something. Partly, perhaps, with a view of learning how far I should be acknowledged by others who, like myself, are outside of the large visible Christian folds, I set down the following Confession, and sent it to one who is much and deservedly looked up to amongst liberal Christian thinkers. Here is the Confession, and appended thereto his reply. How many will accept with me what he accepts? How many are Unitarians in *our* sense?

## A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

1. In God the Father;
2. In the Son of God our Lord Jesus Christ;
3. In the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and from the Son.

1. I believe in one God, Infinite, Eternal, Unchangeable, the Being of beings, the God of gods, in whom all things dwell, from whom all things proceed, the Father everlasting, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Source of all perfections and glories, the Fulness which filleth all, the mystery of whose existence is to be apprehended, and yet not to be comprehended, whom no man hath seen or can see, the Adorable, the First-good, the First-fair. I believe that of this glorious Being it is a prime necessity to impart of his fulness, to image himself in an Eternal Sonship, and by this Sonship to go forth in creation, in providence, in redemption, loving and beloved, seeking and sought. I believe that from all eternity, before all worlds, God

is Love, and liveth in the goings forth of Love, and that hêrein is the blessed mystery of Life, derived and underived. I believe that time and space are only accidents of being and not of the Eternal Essence, not of the Everlasting Life in which God lives and which God shares with his Son, and by him with all his true children.

2. I believe that there flows out from the one God, by the necessity of his Being, which is Love, a glorious Lord, Light of light, the Express Image of his Person, the Mirror of his perfections, the Way of his Love, the Crown and consummation of all things,—that this Lord is the Son and is from all Eternity, that in him God is completely manifested, and finds an answering Life and Love. I believe in a gracious fellowship of giving on the one hand, and of dependence on the other hand, which is most fitly denoted by the words Father and Son,—the Father loving the Son, and showing him all things that himself doeth, the Son leaning upon the Father, living in the Father's bosom, having neither glory nor will of his own, but thoroughly at one with God. I believe in the Mediator, who is at once the realized Ideal of derived being, and the Way in creation and redemption, independent of time and space, and before time and space in priority of being, yet manifested in time and space. I believe that we may say of the Son, not only "He was" and "He shall be"; but also, "He is," the same yesterday, to-day, forever. I believe, as St. John testifies in his Gospel, that this timeless, heavenly life became a life in time and on earth, and was seen, heard, and handled, the Lord coming to his own, because all which is everlasting, and therefore immortal, in derived being, is made in this image of God, of the same substance and essence with him, and finds God only in and by Christ the Son of God, begotten, not made, of the same substance as the Father, and yet not the Father, to be seen, to be heard, to be approached, and yet so near to God that He must needs testify, by way of warning, "My Father is greater than I." I believe that the Son, who is Life, comes that man may have life more abundantly; that the Son, who is the Resurrection, comes to raise us from the death of sin, and from the grave, to the life of righteousness and to immortality; that sonship is our immortal part, and differences the creature from the child, what is made from what is begotten, what is accidental and formal from what is essential and substantial, what must die from what shall live.

3. I believe in the Holy Spirit, common to the Father and the

Son, proceeding from the Father by the Son, the Life which they share, each with the other, and give to the world, the Life of prophets and apostles, and which makes all who receive it sons of God indeed. I believe that through the Spirit God dwells in Christ, and Christ in God. I believe that through the Spirit God and Christ dwell in us and we in God and Christ, so that we are filled with all the fulness of God, and are at one with God, and can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth us. This is the Enlightener and Comforter. Until this Spirit is given, the Church tarries in Jerusalem, and there is no effectual call to preach the Gospel, and there is no efficacy in the word preached, so that Christianity is indeed a ministry of the Spirit, not a tradition, but a life, ever growing, and only by virtue of the Spirit which leadeth us into all truth, and ever outruns letters and covenants.

Accepting this Confession, I can understand why in Scripture the Son of God is called a Mediator both for creation and for redemption, why it is said that all things are made by him, and that he comes to his own to rescue them from ignorance and sin. Accepting this Confession, I follow neither Arius nor Athanasius, neither Sabellius nor Socinus, affirming, not after the manner of the sects, but in other terms, the Divine Sonship of Christ, the absoluteness of the Christian Revelation, the credibility of the Christian Miracles, and, more than all, that perpetual Miracle of God in us and Christ in us, which is Redemption, and without which the Gospel is only a Reminiscence, not the Power, Wisdom, Love, and Peace of God in the individual heart.

MY DEAR E.:—

Your Confession of Faith I have read with perfect satisfaction. It expresses my own views and convictions touching the primary and fundamental truths of Christian Theism. I do not know that I should wish to change any expression in it, unless it be to substitute "from the Father and the Son" instead of "from the Father by the Son," in the statement of the procession of the Holy Spirit. That is, I follow the Latin Church rather than the Greek in this matter. Moreover, I am not quite certain that I understand, or should accept, what you mean by the "absoluteness of the Christian Revelation."

But accepting this Confession, and following "neither Arius nor Athanasius, neither Sabellius nor Socinus," I feel entirely free to

unite and co-operate with the Unitarian Church, and with the American Unitarian Association, which also follows neither of these, nor "affirms after the manner of the sects," but allows, enables, and encourages every man to affirm after his own fashion, and to confess his own confession, precisely as you have done, and, as I must think, you would not have done had it not been for the Unitarian protest which has secured to you your present position and ecclesiastical independence.

I said, I feel free, I should rather say, I feel bound, to co-operate with the American Unitarian Association, as the most effectual instrumentality for securing ecclesiastical independence, and the liberty to each individual wherewith Christ hath made us free. If Unitarianism were a system of theology, I could have no more practical concern with it than with other systems. Indeed, Unitarianism I know not, and repudiate, but I believe in Church fellowship, I believe in associations for mutual support, and the maintenance of religious liberty. I believe in a Holy Catholic Church, and I consider the Unitarian Church to be the best existing exponent of that catholicity.

Yours ever.

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#### SONG SNATCHES.

"THE cry of the children" wailed to the last through the song of Mrs. Browning. "A Song for the Ragged-Schools of London, written in Rome," makes one of the "Last Poems," noticed in our last number. It rebukes England with words of pity and indignation calculated to cut through the mail of English pride and arrogance.

"I am listening here in Rome ;  
Over Alps a voice is sweeping, —  
'England's cruel; save us some  
Of these victims in her keeping.'

"As the cry beneath the wheel  
Of an old triumphal Roman  
Cleft the people's shouts like steel,  
While the show was spoilt for no man,

"Comes that voice. Let others shout,  
Other poets praise my land here:  
I am sadly sitting out,  
Praying, 'God forgive her grandeur.'

- " Shall we boast of empire, where  
Time with ruin sits commissioned ?  
In God's liberal blue air,  
Peter's dome itself looks wizened ;
- " And the mountains in disdain,  
Gather back their lights of opal,  
From the dumb, despondent plain,  
Heaped with jawbones of a people.
- " Lordly English, think it o'er,  
Cæsar's doing is all undone ;  
You have cannons on your shore,  
And free parliaments in London.
- " Princes' parks and merchants' homes,  
Tens for soldiers, slips for seamen, —  
Ay, but ruins worse than Rome's  
In your paper men and women.
- " Women leering through the gas,  
(Just such bosoms used to nurse you,)  
Men — turned wolves by famine — pass !  
Those can speak themselves, and curse you.
- " But these others, — children small,  
Spilt like blots about the city,  
Quay, and street, and palace-wall, —  
Take them up into your pity !
- " Ragged children, with bare feet,  
Whom the angels in white raiment  
Know the names of, to repeat  
When they come on you for payment.
- " Ragged children, hungry-eyed,  
Huddled up out of the coldness  
On your doorstep, side by side,  
Till your footman damns their boldness.
- " In the alleys, in the squares,  
Begging, lying little rebels ;  
In the noisy thoroughfares,  
Struggles on with piteous trebles.

"Patient children, — think what pain  
 Makes a young child patient, — ponder!  
 Wronged too commonly to strain  
 After right, or wish, or wonder.

"Wicked children, with peaked chins,  
 And old foreheads; there are many  
 With no pleasures except sins,  
 Gambling with a stolen penny.

"Sickly children, that whine low  
 To themselves, and not their mothers,  
 From mere habit, — never so  
 Hoping help or care from others.

"Healthy children, with those blue  
 English eyes, fresh from their Maker,  
 Fierce and ravenous, staring through  
 At the brown loaves of the baker.

"O my sisters! children small,  
 Blue-eyed, wailing, through the city, —  
 Our own babes cry in them all;  
 Let us take them into pity."

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#### CONTROVERSY.

BROTHER FOLSOM, in the *Christian Register*, tells a capital story, which he says he had from Rev. Dr. Hewitt, and it illustrates the folly of engaging in personal controversy, especially about religion. No one who has religion vitally will project personalities into the discussion of its sacred themes, and when others do it he will turn away and seek a higher and better plane. "Beware of dogs," says Paul. Dr. Palfrey, we remember, when he expounded to his class the New Testament, in that blessed old recitation-room in Divinity Hall, rendered this, "Beware of *snarlers*," that is, don't have any controversy with them. But we are forgetting Brother Folsom's anecdote.

Dr. Hewitt, on being accosted with very severe epithets by one of his parishioners, made this reply to him: "Sir, the principles of my religion forbid me to return railing for railing, or cursing for cursing, but I will tell you an anecdote. Father Mills, once reading

in the pulpit the Epistle of Jude, and having finished the verse, 'Michael, when contending with the Devil about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee,' paused a moment, lifted up his spectacles to his forehead, and added, 'No wonder he durst not ; because in blackguarding, the Devil would be sure to get the upper hand.' s.

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#### ANSWER OF A LITTLE NEGRO GIRL.

"WHAT do you suppose you will do when you get to heaven?" asked her catechizer.

"*Get close up to God*, where they can't whip me," was the reply.

What learned theologian could put more practical wisdom into the same compass ; for what better thing can we do, not in heaven only, but on earth, with its losses and crosses, than "get up close to God" ?

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#### THE CONTRAST.

TRAVELLING once through the State of Ohio, it was delightful to pass the splendid farms and wheat-fields, and see everywhere the evidence of New England thrift and industry reproduced, and to see in the cars the passengers soberly dressed, with the courtesies and civilities of Christian people. We crossed over into Virginia, and a new set of passengers got into our end of the car. Presently a fellow came in, bedizened with finery, and, taking out a bottle of whiskey, treated himself with it, and his fellow-passengers. He was one of the Chivalry. As the whiskey operated, they breathed vengeance against Abolitionists. By and by the bedizened gentlemen grew courageous, got up, swaggered and swore, and doubled his fists at those who declined a "treat" by sucking the nose of his bottle. Then he seized the carpet-bag of a poorer-looking passenger, broke it open, and pulled out the contents one by one, — shirts, stockings, and so forth, and held them up to the general "haw haw" of the chivalry. The aisle of the car became filled and choked with this exhibition, the poor passenger sitting mute and grinding his teeth, while he could not help himself. The conductor passed along, edged his way through the scene, but took no notice of this pleasant amusement, — one, we imagine, which would have caused its perpetrators to be pitched out of any railroad car in New England. s.

## PHYSIQUE.

THIS carries the day in the long run. Individuals may be found with strong and active minds in feeble frames; but in races, mind and body decay together. Climate and surroundings have much to do with human development; and any one who has travelled through the Northwest with his eyes open, will never doubt afterwards that the governing power of these United States is to be there. Both mind and stature become wonderfully robust. When Dr. Caldwell of Kentucky, and two or three others like him, went to England and France as medical students, they were annoyed, it was said, by crowds who ran after them in astonishment, gazing upon them as giants. But they were specimens of not unusual Western development,—grown tall, as Governor Andrew conjectured when he recommended Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, by stretching themselves up to look over prairies. The Greeks conquered the world, because they got ready for it by athletic training; the Goths conquered Rome, because they were the healthiest people, while the Romans were licentious and luxurious till all their manhood had become rotten and decayed. The boys should remember this, and lay the foundation of their manhood in sound bodies. s.

## FRIGHTENING PEOPLE.

THOSE who joke by frightening others, especially children, deserve something worse than the stocks and the pillory. The following fact just meets our eye, credited to the Phonetic Journal. A profligate abbess and a profligate archbishop took it into their heads to visit a convent in France, and exhort one of the nuns as a person who was visibly dying, though the nun was in perfect health. While performing their heartless joke they whispered to each other, "She is just departing." She did depart, and the profane pair discovered in the midst of their sport that they were making merry with a corpse. s.

## CURIOUS INVESTIGATION, OR A LESSON IN ETYMOLOGY.

WALKING leisurely through one of the streets of Boston, a lady swept by me and swept her dress under my feet. The consequence was that I trod upon it, and the consequence of that was that the dress gave way. I was hastening to make an apology, but the lady

sailed off in anger, and would not hear it. The line in Homer, as Pope renders him, came into my mind,—

“Troy’s proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground.”

Thereupon the way opened into a curious field of etymology. The proud dames of Rome, as well as Greece, must also have swept the ground with their garments. For we have *vestis*, a garment, and from this *vestigia*, a track or a trail,—that is, a track made by a garment. Then we have *vestigo*, and *investigo* to follow on the track, and by metaphor, to track out a thing with the mind. Not all in vain, then, is this sweeping the ground with long dresses, for it has enlarged our vocabulary, giving us *vestige*, to *investigate*, and *investigation*. English ladies of the olden time indicated their rank by the length of their garments. But they did not trail them upon the ground. Queen Elizabeth, if we remember rightly, employed six maids of honor to hold up the train of her royal robes. Their vestments did not make *vestigies*, like those of Grecian, Roman, and American ladies.

None can dispute the queenly gracefulness of these expanded skirts which “sweep the ground.” We hope American ladies will not be laughed out of a fashion which conduces to grace, health, and comfort, and which pleads ancient precedent in its favor. We only put in an apology for the awkwardness of gentlemen, who must sometimes choose between treading upon them and treading nowhere. s.

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#### PORTRAITS.

ATHANASIUS and Arius, the first the father of orthodoxy, the second of heresy, were both present at the Council of Nicæa. It is interesting to know how men look. We have likenesses of Paul, of Peter, of John, and even of the Saviour; but these, with the exception perhaps of Paul’s, are imaginary, and his nearly so. But Athanasius and Arius have their faces and figures well preserved, and Stanley photographs them.

Athanasius, twenty-five years old, figure small and insignificant, speech and manners lively, countenance bright and serene. When he speaks he is vehement, and rivets attention.

Arius, sixty years of age, tall and thin, has an odd way of twisting himself, which his enemies compare to the wriggings of a snake; handsome, but for a deadly pallor and downcast look from weakness of eyes; at times his veins throb and his limbs tremble; there is a wild

look about him which is startling; dresses like a rigid ascetic; his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head; is generally silent, but sometimes breaks out like a madman, then again speaks with a persuasive sweetness of voice and earnest manner which fascinates all who hear him.

The history of all the ancient councils impresses the reader with two things. The men who composed them were savage, violent, brutal even, at the same time in earnest, with convictions that possessed them almost like a mania. The Council of Nicæa was the most *decent* of all the general councils. Some of the others would in their violence disgrace any modern political caucus, or any concourse but a Southern mob. And these, we are told, settled the theology of the Church and defined its orthodoxy.

s.

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#### CLIMBING TO HEAVEN ALONE.

CONSTANTINE the Great was a liberal Christian, and tried to infuse a liberal spirit into the Council of Nicæa. He had withal a dry humor. Stanley, in his admirable lectures on Church history, gives some anecdotes illustrating his character. There is one which will serve as a satire upon bigotry in any age. There was a bishop named Acesius, member of the council, who showed a very exclusive spirit, contending that none who had ever lapsed, through persecution, should be received again into the Church. He was for handing them over to the uncovenanted mercies of God. The Emperor's common sense came to the rescue. "Ho, ho, Acesius! plant a ladder, and climb up into heaven by yourself."

s.

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#### "A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS."

From the Portsmouth Journal.

THE sermon by Rev. Mr. Gage, at the North Church, Sunday afternoon (June 1st), was on the Apostle James, of whom nothing is said in Scripture of his personal acts or sayings. He is only presented as the companion of Peter, John, Andrew, and the Saviour. As a man's character can unmistakably be known by the company he keeps, so the character of James ever stands out with prominence. The following illustration of character, given in the course of the sermon, we have asked the privilege of copying:—

"There is hypocrisy enough in the world, doubtless; but it were a more laborious hypocrisy than we have any reason to look for, the painstaking life spent in lowly service, instead of that more alluring path whither our inclination would lead us, and where we might flatter ourselves that duty and delight are synonymous words. The lips may utter a perpetual round of falsehood, the tongue may be the basest of hypocrites, but let any eye follow you from hour to hour and from day to day, notice where you linger longest, and in what direction your steps most often lead, and the whole bias of your heart will be read in unmistakable language. What are your habitual haunts? is the question which will divulge your secret. Are you seen entering the lowly door where poverty leads a weary existence, or the lofty portal where wealth luxuriates in unstinted abundance? Has any eye seen you threading the alleys where the clustered houses of want are found, or do your walks never lead you astray from the broader streets where competence erects her dwellings? This city has sent forth into the great world many men whose names have been widely known and largely honored; but no more gifted scholar, no more affluent genius, no more eloquent writer has she given to a larger sphere of labor than the recent pastor of one of our churches, and the present acting president in one of the first two colleges in the land. And yet I confess that the breadth of his thought and the ripeness of his culture did not draw out my own interest in him so early and so strongly as a little sentence I heard dropped by a Portsmouth woman years ago: 'I never see him pass my window without thinking that there is an angel in disguise, for I know that in all probability he is on his way to visit some of the homes of want and suffering.'"

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"LET us be patient: God has taken from us  
 The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,  
 That from the fleeting things which lie around us  
 Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

"Let us be thankful, if in this affliction  
 No grave is opened for the loving heart;  
 And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,  
 We yet can mourn 'each family apart.'

"Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,  
 With not one cold reproach nor angry look;  
 There are some seasons when the heart is smitten,  
 It can no whisper of unkindness brook."

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Pearl of Orr's Island: A Story of the Coast of Maine.* By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. — In this part of our world Mrs. Stowe is thoroughly at home. She appreciates, and therefore comprehends, New England. She sees the true side of our hard theology, and the poetic side of our hard nature. She has kept as much of her inherited Calvinism as a good woman's heart, and a fine poetic temperament, and that pure reason which, as the candle of the Lord, shines in her soul, would permit. She sees how the decisions of divines must be interpreted and modified by common sense. Her humor is rich and genuine, her utterance tender, devout, often singularly eloquent; and though this book may remind the reader sometimes of "The Minister's Wooing," it is not a reproduction of it, but has a life and a grace of its own. Let the reader take it to the seaside; he will easily find some spot that will fit the story, and yield habitation and name for its lights and shadows.

E.

*Agnes of Sorrento.* By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Minister's Wooing," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The versatility of Mrs. Stowe's genius appears conspicuously in this work. "Agnes of Sorrento" as a work of art probably surpasses all Mrs. Stowe's previous writings, and yet she has not here repeated herself. The story does not draw the reader along with any of the absorbing interest of her first novels, but her descriptions have such a brilliancy of coloring as shows that all the voluptuous richness of Italian skies and landscapes had warmed her imagination. Her power of scene-showing is marvellous, whether of monks in their convents, of nature glowing beneath the golden but transparent atmosphere of Italy, or of Rome at sunset gleaming through the sunshine that gilds the miasmatic exhalations of the Campagna. The story of Agnes is one of love and marriage. Her character is drawn as spotless and unworldly, rather more so than belongs to this earth. The characters of the old monks are admirably portrayed, and are true to the life, and whether in their sleek laziness and sensuality, or their asceticism, they exhibit faithfully the religion of Rome in its practical workings during its darker ages. The book may be read, not only as a romance, but as brilliant historical painting.

S.

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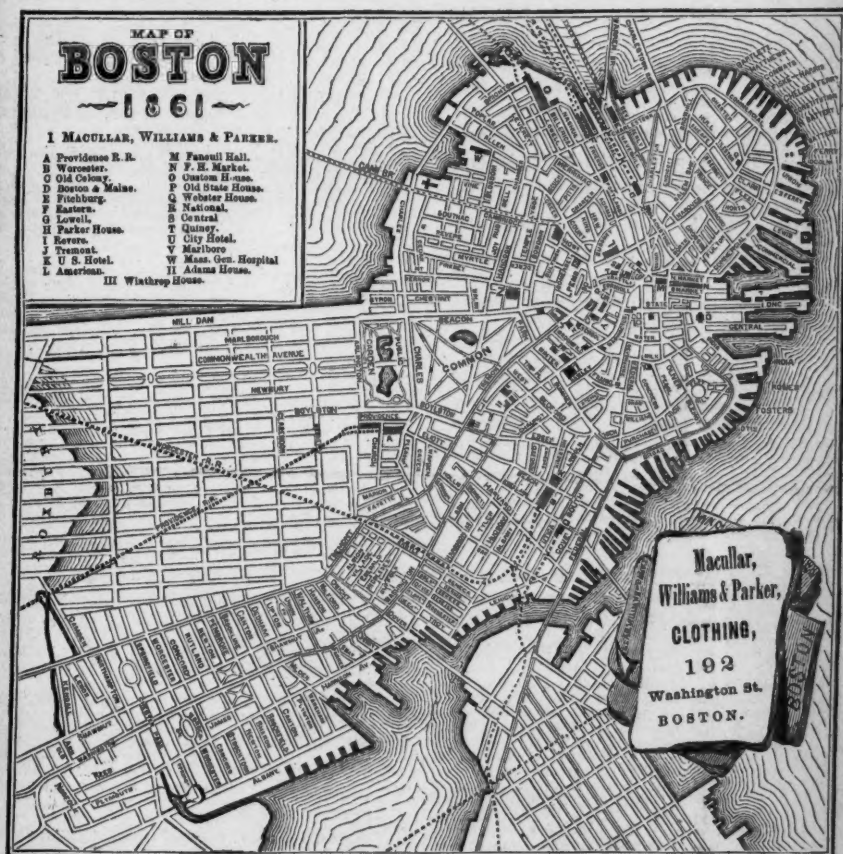
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